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HYMN

OF THE 7TH REGIMENT (N. Y.) AT THE TOMB OF WASHINGTON.

Inscribed to Col. Duryea.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

I.

Shade of our Father! here we stand
With solemn hearts, and banners furled,
Here in our presence give to thee
The homage of the world.

II.

O Hero, Soldier, Patriot, Sage!
Breathe o'er us something of thy worth,
So we may beam, as thou didst beam,
A Cynosure to Earth.

III.

Then shall we be the guards of Peace,
And only wake stern Battle's storm
In broad, and grand, and true defense
Of Freedom's holy form.

IV.

Shade of our Father! smile on us,
For we like thee would worship Right,
And bow alone before the shrine
Of Truth's eternal light.

GLENDOWER;

OR,

THE NORTH SEA ROVER.

A STORY OF THE COAST AND WATERS OF OLD ENGLAND.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE RECOGNITION.

CHAPTER XIX.

WHAT HAPPENED ON THE ROAD.

Our travelers struck the high road at Pickering, and for a while all went well. The stars were out in all their twinkling brilliancy, and they had no trouble in finding their way. They passed New Malton, on the Derwent, at eleven o'clock, and hoped to reach York before two. Since her father died, Emma had not used her horse much, and he had become restive and high-mettled from good feeding and no work, and several times she found it requiring all her strength and address to curb him. Twice Adam offered to exchange horses with her, but she declined.

"I know his disposition," she said, "and he knows his mistress. These are only playful fits."

"But they be rough ones, my lady," replied Adam, with some concern. "That is a high-spirited animal, and your light weight does not fatigue him. My beast is far more safe."

"O—have no fears," the brave girl returned, at the same time giving her horse a gentle tap with her riding-whip. "He is only playing."

At that moment, and while the words still sounded upon her lips, a huge night-bird, which seemed to have been perched upon a tall tree by the wayside, gave an unearthly screech, and, swooping down to cross the road, flapped its wings directly in the face of the restive horse. The animal gave one leap, and then dashed away like the wind, losing both himself and rider in the darkness almost in a moment. With a cry of terror, Mary seized her rein with a firmer hold, and urged her horse to the top of its speed, while her brother, who was equally terror-stricken, though he showed it not so plainly, kept close by her side. His animal could travel no faster than her own, and as she was an expert rider, she kept on at full speed without fear of danger.

On they dashed, without speaking, keeping a careful watch as they passed, until they reached Whitwell Inn, which was nearly ten miles from the place where Emma had left them. At times they were sure they heard the tramp of her horse, but they could not bring him in sight. They saw a light in the hostelrie, and Adam proposed that they should pull up and make inquiries. They did so, and as the woodman approached the place, he met a man coming out with a lantern in his hand.

"Friend," said Adam, "hast seen or heard a horse pass here within these few minutes back?"

"Noa—not pass," replied the fellow. "But there be a hoss as did stop here but a bit ago. He coom dashin' doon the road like lightnin, an' turned in here of his own will."

"Where is he now?"

"In the shed yonder. Coom wi' me, an' I'll show 'im to ye."

Adam saw the horse, and he knew in a moment 'twas Emma's. The beast was covered with sweat, and trembled like an aspen.

"You saw no person on this horse?" cried the woodman.

"Noa—not a bit. He coom jus' as ye see him noo, all alone an' befagged. He moost a' had a hard run, sir. Does ye know 'im? Be soombody hurt?"

"Yes—a lady. Lend me your lantern."

"But—ye'll no run away wi' it," answered the hostler, reluctantly.

"Fool!" exclaimed Adam, impatiently, "have n't ye got the horse in pledge?"

He snatched the lantern as he spoke, and hurried back to where his sister was holding his beast.

"She's back here," he said, as he leaped into his saddle. "We must have passed her. Her horse is here, so she must have been thrown off by the roadside. We'll watch sharp as we go."

They rode slowly back, Adam keeping one side of the way, and his sister the other, and thus they searched. They went on until they had reached the place where the lady had left them, but no trace of her could they find. Then they went over the whole distance again, this time stopping where the trees and bushes were thick, while they could search by the light of the lantern. Again they reached the inn, and no tidings had been heard there. They were answered by the hostler that the horse had come from towards New Malton, and that he came into the yard upon the gallop, seeming to be very much frightened.

"Mercy!" ejaculated Mary, quaking with fear and anguish, "what shall we do? Oh! if my poor dear mistress is dead, I shall die!"

"She cannot have been killed," returned Adam, hopefully. "If she had been, we should have found her by the wayside. She may have been taken into one of the houses on the road. It will be daylight in an hour, and we will then go back and inquire at every house."

"Let's start at once," urged Mary. "We can easily wake the people up."

"No—we'll wait," returned Adam. "We can do better by daylight. And beside, if she had been taken up, she is as safe for the present as she would be if we were with her, while, if she should chance to be by the roadside, we might miss her again if we started now."

Mary gave up the point, and having seen that the horses had something to eat, Adam led his sister into the inn, where he made her lie down. She lay there, as he commanded, but she might as well have been upon the house-top as far as any thought of sleep was concerned. She was too anxious, and too full of terrible fears for her young mistress, to think of closing her eyes. When the first peep of daylight came she started from her couch, and joined her brother, whom she found just ready to call her. They eat a slight breakfast, and were soon on the road again.

There were but few houses between Whitwell Inn and Malton, but they stopped at every one, and made particular inquiries. One man said he heard a horse gallop by sometime during the night, and that was all the information they could gain. They searched by the roadside as they went, entering every path that led into the woods, and examining the hedges and the tangled bushes, but not even a trace of the lost one could they find. For a distance of several miles the road followed the western bank of the Derwent, and in some places the river almost washed the highway.

It was near noon when Adam Nolan and his sister reached New Malton, and when they stopped they were both sad and fearful.

"My sister," spoke Adam, in a low, hesitating tone, "what are you thinking of?"

Mary started, and seemed frightened by the question.

"What were you thinking of?" he repeated.

"I dare not tell thee," she replied.

"Aye—tell me. Thou wast thinking o' somethin' important."

"I was thinking," said the girl, shuddering as she spoke, "of my dear mistress."

"An' thou wast thinking of her fate. Where can she be, think ye?"

"Oh, Adam," burst from her lips in terror tones, "I was thinking that she must have been thrown into the river!"

"Alas! so I have thought!" echoed the woodman. "I thought so when I saw those steep places, where a frightened horse could throw his rider clear into the rushing water. Wo is me! If she be lost, what shall we do? What more can we do now?"

"Is there anything?" asked Mary. "Oh! if there be anything we have left undone, what is it?"

"I know of nothing. The most we can do is to set the good people of this town at work, and then return to Ravendale, and bring help from there."

"And must we tell Mr. Dean?" said Mary, with new alarm.

"Aye—I shall tell him all, and let him seek to harm us for the part we have taken if he dare! By the immortal Woden and Thor," the stout woodman added, with his heavy hand clenched, "if he dare to lay a finger upon me, or wreak vengeance for this, the country shall be too hot to hold him. It is his own fault—the result of his own wickedness—as I shall soon show him."

"We must tell him," the girl murmured, half to herself; and then, with a fearful glance into her brother's face, she added—

"We cannot feel that we are to blame."

"No, Mary—we were not. As God is my judge, I do not feel so. We were only seeking her good. We were trying to save her from a fate worse, perhaps, than any that can have befallen her. But—let us hope. We may find her yet."

At the principal inn of the town Adam stopped, and gave an account of the disappearance of the lady Emma, and in less than half an hour a score of people were upon the road, while as many boats started off upon the river. Adam saw all this, and then he and his sister turned their horses' heads towards Ravendale. They were sad and thoughtful, and spoke but little, for the more they thought of the fearful calamity that had transpired, the darker and deeper was the agony of mind that moved them.

Now it so happened that Sir Thomas Cleaveland and Walter Dean were returning from York quite late at night. They had been to the city partly on business, and partly for amusement. They took supper before they started, and reached Spittle Inn just in season to obtain a bottle of wine before the host closed his doors for the night. It was well on towards midnight when they passed Whitwell Inn, and they were trotting along at a moderate pace when the earl suddenly drew in his rein and stopped.

"What is it?" asked Dean, also pulling up.

"Hark! Do you hear the gallop of a horse?"

"Yes—very plainly."

"Somebody's in a hurry. Ha—I can see the beast. Look. Do you observe it?"

"Aye. Let us draw aside and see what's to pay"

The two men drew up by the roadside, and there waited for the coming of the distant horse. But they had not to wait long.

"By the mass, Dean, it's a female on that horse. I can see the long robes flutter in the wind."

"And the beast is running away, or I'm a sinner," rejoined Walter.

As he spoke the furious animal came dashing up at headlong speed, and when he saw the two horsemen by the side of his path he seemed to be startled with new fright, for he gave a sidelong leap in the opposite direction, hurling his rider from her saddle, and then, relieved of his load, he plunged on more swiftly than before. The female had fallen upon the greensward, close by a thick hedge of bushes, where she lay without life or motion. The two men leaped from their saddles and hurried up to the spot.

"Death of my body and soul!" cried the earl, as he stooped down and turned the white face upward, "'tis the lady Emma!"

"The devil!" uttered Walter, with a start. "By the host, it is!" he added, as he gained a view of her features.

"Hark!" said Sir Thomas, starting to his feet. "Here come more horses. It may be some one in pursuit. By the heavens above me, there's mischief here."

"Aye—as sure as fate," responded Dean.

"Let us hide in the bushes," added the earl. "Here—you carry the lady out of sight, while I lead off the horses. Be quick, and we'll see who passes, without being observed."

Walter Dean bore the insensible form beneath the cover of the hedge, while his companion sprang across the road, and led the two horses into the wood which grew upon that side. He had just gained a favorable point of observation behind a large tree, when the riders for whom he was watching came dashing by upon the gallop. He dropped upon his knees, and bent his head almost to the ground, thus bringing the travelers between himself and the clear sky, by which means he was enabled to gain a clear view of their outlines.

"Well, my dear fellow," said the earl, hastening across the way after the riders has passed, "did you make 'em out?"

"I couldn't" returned Walter, "for I only saw 'em against the dark wood, and I couldn't distinguish a feature. I could see that they were a man and a woman, and that was all."

"Egad, I was more fortunate. I saw 'em against the clear sky, and I made out the man's features plainly enough. It was your honest woodman, Adam Nolan."

"Adam Nolan, eh?" muttered Dean, clinching his fists, and setting his teeth. "Adam Nolan, eh?" he repeated, in a louder key. "And the female—who was she?"

"She passed before I had a fair look at her, but I saw enough to assure me that it was Mary Nolan."

"Of course it was," returned Dean. "She's another honest one. By the host, Sir Thomas, there was a slip here. The lady meant to leave us."

"Of course she did."

"She meant to go to York," pursued the uncle. "I think she has friends there. Ha—she was doing the business very wonderfully. She meant to leave us to whistle alone. Ye gods! won't I startle Mr. Adam Nolan?"

"Stop a moment," said the earl, thoughtfully. "I think I have a plan better than that. We will take the lady directly to Wooldhill, and if she recover from this, we can work with her there to some advantage. No one, save us two and perhaps grandmother, shall know that we have found her. She shall be kept close, and I'll warrant ye we'll find some means of bending her stubborn will. Say nothing to any of your people, only to wonder where she is, and appear to make all search for her. How does that strike you?"

"By my soul, it's just the thing, my boy," replied Walter, with animation.

"And don't it seem as though heaven had done this on purpose to favor us?"

"It does, indeed."

"Aye—it must be so," added the earl. "And now let's have her up and bear her home."

They found Emma just as they had left her, still insensible and motionless, but without any apparent bruise or fracture. She was carefully lifted to the back of the earl's horse, that being the stoutest and surest animal, and then the men sprang into their saddles, and started off at a swift pace. It was past three o'clock in the morning when they reached Woolville, and they continued to bear their burden into the hall ere any of the drowsy attendants came out. Emma was placed upon a couch in one of the small ante-rooms, and then the earl went to call his grandmother, who finally joined him in the hall. She knew that something important must have happened to call her up at such an hour, so she came readily, and without complaint. Thomas told her the story of what had transpired, and her eyes sparkled like stars.

"She'll be your wife now, my child, as sure as she lives," the old woman said, as she turned towards the room into which Emma had been carried. "If we can't bring her down, then I don't know human nature."

"But we must raise her up first," suggested the earl.

"We'll do that quick enough if there are no bones broken," returned Lavinia. "I am leech enough for all ordinary ills."

With this she entered the ante-room, and having sent Thomas for some cold water and some wine, she bent over the insensible form, and opened the bosom of the dress. When her grandson returned she told him that the girl had better be carried to the place where they would keep her, before she revived.

"I have examined her," she added, "and am very sure that she has not received any serious hurt. I can soon bring her back to life. Will you bring her along?"

"Yes," answered the earl; and thus speaking he took the fair form carefully in his arms, and followed the lady Lavinia through the long hall, up the broad stairway, and thence off into a remote angle of the building, beyond the gallery, where none of the servants ever went unless they were sent. It was in the oldest part of the structure, and was only used on extraordinary occasions. They entered a square chamber, which was furnished with solid, ponderous oaken furniture, that had belonged to the first earl of Stansbury, and here Emma Dean was laid upon the bed. Sir Thomas then left the apartment to rejoin his companion, leaving his grandmother alone with the ill-fated girl. He imagined that things were working in his favor.

CHAPTER XX.

THE EARL TRIES TO SOLVE A MYSTERY.

When Emma came to her senses she found herself in a strange place, with a ghastly glare thrown over surrounding objects from an oil lamp which burned near her bed. As soon as she could recall her scattered thoughts she tried to remember what had happened. She did this ere she thought of examining the place where she lay. She remembered that she had started for York with Adam and Mary Nolan, and then she remembered how her horse became frightened and ran away with her. She could call to mind a part of the fearful race she had run, but she had no recollection of being thrown from her saddle, though there was a faint impression upon her that she had seen two dark forms by the roadside, and that her horse had leaped away from them. She knew, however, that she must have been thrown off, for she felt weak and sore, and there was a dreamlike memory of some great shock, as though she had been hurled with violence down a precipice. Finally she raised herself upon her elbow and gazed about her.

"Mary," she said, as she saw a female form by her bedside.

"It isn't Mary," replied a low, cracked voice. "But it's somebody that 'll be very kind to you. Poor dear, you've been hurt, haven't ye? Do you feel much pain?"

Emma shaded her eyes with her hand, and gazed into the speaker's face. She could see that it was an old woman, with sunken, gleaming eyes, a hooked nose, a projecting chin, and a shriveled skin and bent form.

"Who are you? Where am I?" she asked, eagerly.

"Never mind now, my dear. You mustn't talk. You're safe, and in good hands. Wouldn't you like a little wine?"

Emma said she would, and when the beverage was brought she sipped a little, and then lay back upon her pillow, and slept. She had not been seriously injured, her weakness and unconsciousness being chiefly the result of fright and a consequent overstraining of the nervous tissue. She was sensible of some pain, but not enough to prevent her from sleeping until morning.

When she next awoke she felt weak and sore, but not to any considerable extent. She sat up in the bed and looked around the place. She saw that the furniture was old and massive, and that the heavy hangings of her bed were of crimson silk, and much faded. There were two windows, with gothic arches, set in in a thick wall, but the glass was so stained and covered with dust, that she could see nothing beyond. She was thus engaged when a door was opened at the foot of the bed, and the same woman, who had been with her before, entered. The poor girl started with a low cry of terror as her eyes rested now upon that evil, hag-like face. She knew that it was the same she had seen during the night, and yet she had not recognized it then. But she knew it now.

"The countess!" she gasped, closing her eyes, and then opening them again, as though she hoped that the horrible presence would disappear.

"You know me then?" the old woman said, hobbling to the bedside.

"It is the Lady Lavinia Cleaveland!" whispered Emma, trembling till the very bed shook.

"Yes, my poor dear child," the presence answered, with a grin that made her face look like some of the horrible death's heads Emma had seen upon tomb-stones. "And I'm glad you know me, for now you know you're in good hands."

"But am I at Woldhill?"

"Certainly you are."

"And how came I here?"

"Sir Thomas found you by the side of the road late last night—found you all alone, and perfectly helpless. At first he thought you was dead, but he finally discovered life in you, and then he put you onto his horse and brought you home. I never saw a man so frightened as he was. He said if you died he should go mad. He brought you in here just as tenderly as though you'd been an infant, and he hung over you with tears in his eyes."

Emma could not mistake the woman's meaning, but she appeared to take no notice of it, though she could not hide the vague fears which it inspired.

"Does my uncle know of my whereabouts?" she asked.

"I don't know," returned Lavinia. "I believe he has gone away; but we shall get word to him as soon as we can. You aren't much hurt, are you?"

"No," said the maiden. "I have not been hurt badly at all. I am quite well and strong. I must return to Ravendale at once."

"What!" cried Lavinia, putting on a look of astonishment, "go to Ravendale now? Why—bless my soul! 'twould be the death of you, child. No, no—you must keep quiet a while longer. But

we'll send word over right off that you're safe, so that the people there shan't be uneasy about you."

"But I shall return very soon."

"Just as soon as we think it's proper for you to go, my dear. But tell me—where were you going all alone on horseback, last night?"

"I was going on business of my own."

"What kind o' business, my good child?"

"It was business which I need not now explain," replied Emma, quite firmly.

"And did you intend to come back to Ravendale again?"

"Of course I did. I meant to return as soon as my business was done."

"But was you all alone on the road?"

"No. I had two of my own servants with me?"

"Which two?"

"They were two of those who are paid for obeying the mistress of Ravendale."

Lavinia Cleaveland was slightly disconcerted. She saw that the maiden was inclined to be independent, and she thought it best not to question her further. So she smothered her chagrin, and very quietly said—

"I didn't wish to get at any of your secrets, my dear; but I shan't take offense, for I know you don't feel very well. I suppose you'd like something to eat and drink."

Emma said she should, and the woman went away. She was not gone long, and when she returned she bore a tray in her hand.

"There," she said, as she placed it upon the table, "when you eat and drink some I think you'll feel better. Perhaps you'd rather get up to eat. Do you feel strong enough?"

"Yes," was the answer, "I am strong enough for that; and I am strong enough to go to Ravendale."

"Not quite. But let's see how you get along today, and then we'll talk about that."

Emma arose, and after taking a few steps she could walk very steadily. She bathed her brow and face, and then sat down to the table, after which the old woman left her to herself, and descended to the lower hall, where she met Sir Thomas.

"Well," said the latter, "how do you find her? Is she much hurt?"

"She isn't hurt at all," replied Lavinia. "She is a little lame, and feels somewhat sore; but she'll quickly overcome that, and be as strong as ever."

"And how is she otherwise?"

"As proud and independent as can be. She wants to return to Ravendale at once."

"She'll return when she is my wife, and not before," said the earl.

"You may depend upon her now," returned Lavinia. "If I cannot break her down for you then I'll give up my life. I can bring some strange things to bear upon her. But mind—your mother must not know that she is here."

"Of course not," assented Thomas. "But does she know where Margaret Glendower is?"

"I think not. In fact, I know she does not; though I have caught her in the act of following me several times."

"And, by the way, why have you kept that woman so long?" asked the earl.

"I have had two reasons, Thomas. First—I was willing she should live as long as she could while I had her where I knew she was safe. And, second, I was in hopes to learn something of importance from her—something which I wished very much to know—something which concerns me—something which happened before you were born. You need not ask me what it is, for I fear I shall not get it from her."

"Never mind," returned Sir Thomas. "All I ask is that you will keep on the safe side. If there is any of that old danger still lurking about us I pray you look out for it; for, now that Emma Dean is in our power, and may soon become my wife, I do not wish to feel that a chance bolt may drop from the mystic cloud you have been so long watching, and do me harm."

"Your hint is timely," said the old woman, closing her long, bony fingers as though she had something within their gripe. "I will look to Margaret Glendower. You need ask me no more about her."

"But one word more concerning Emma Dean," urged the young nobleman. "Did you tell her how I saved her life, and bore her here?"

"Yes; and I told her how you shed tears over her misfortune."

"You needn't have gone quite so far as that," said Thomas, with a shrug of the shoulders, "for I think it very likely she knows me better. However, no harm is done. But how did she take it?"

"I could not tell exactly. She was very anxious then about getting home. But," added the old woman, with a diabolical snap of the eye, "we can't depend upon moving her by any such means. It must bed one by another course. I tell you, she's proud and stubborn, and will not be coaxed. But time will do it—time and perseverance. I have accomplished more difficult things than that."

At this juncture the lady Annabella entered the apartment, and the subject was dropped.

"Mother," said the weak-minded woman, "I have seen him."

"Seen whom?" returned Lavinia, gazing sharply and sternly upon her.

"I've seen the scourge of the North Sea—the boldest man in all Yorkshire. Ha! ha! ha! how the storm howled, and how the seas beat over him, when he went down in the deep ocean. I tried to save him—but I could not."

"Whom do you speak of?" asked the earl.

"Of one who——"

"*Silence!*" screamed Lavinia, turning purple with rage. "Have I not told you, idiot, to stop this idle dreaming! Go to your room!"

"Hold!" cried the earl, as Lavinia placed her hand roughly upon Annabella's arm. "Remember that she is my mother. I cannot see her abused."

"Back, boy!" the old woman said, authoritatively. "You know not her disposition as well as I do. Leave her to me; she is wandering again."

Lavinia led Annabella out as she spoke, and the earl could hear his grandmother's voice in harsh chidings as she passed through the hall.

"By the holy record!" he muttered to himself, as he strode across the apartment, "I'll know what this all means. There must be more here than that old woman tells me. Why should my mother continually harp upon that one subject if there's no meaning to it? Why should her mind run so upon storms, and tempests, and smugglers? I'll see her at once. She shall tell me what this deep mystery is."

The earl waited until the lady Lavinia had returned and taken her seat, and then he went out; and having paused a few moments in the hall, he ascended the stairs and went to his mother's room. He found her there, and there were traces of tears upon her cheeks. She gazed up at him with a troubled expression, and seemed desirous of avoiding him; but he took a seat by her side, and after a few moments hesitation he said, in a low, gentle tone—

"Mother, I have sought you to ask you a question. I know you love me."

Annabella returned the look of her son with a half vacant gaze at first; but gradually a look of earnestness stole over her face, and she replied—

"There is but little else on this hard earth for me to love, Thomas. I have loved you for three-and-twenty years—loved you, perhaps, not as I ought, but loved you as well as they would let me."

"Then," resumed the earl, "if you love me you will not refuse the boon I am about to ask. You cannot refuse me."

The woman began to be uneasy, but she did not speak. She only fixed her eyes upon her son, and stared at him until he looked away.

"Mother," he said, after a pause, again looking into her face, "I want to ask you a question—a very important question. Now I know that between my grandmother and yourself there is some deep secret—some mystery which has to do with me and mine. What is it?"

Annabella covered her face with her hands, and groaned aloud.

"Alas, my son," she said, "if you could have seen what I have seen you would not ask me that question. There is no secret for you."

"Don't put me off so, mother. There is some secret. I am as certain of it as I am that I now live, and speak to you. Why does that old woman send you off when you begin to talk?"

"When I begin to talk of what?" asked Annabella, with the vacant look again.

"When you begin to talk of storms, and tempests, and of smugglers."

"Ha!" cried the woman, with a sudden start, "what know you of the smuggler? Who has told you?"

"I know only what I have heard you say. But I have heard you say enough to assure me that there is some deep meaning in it all. Now what is it? Listen to me," the earl continued, taking her by the hand, and gazing earnestly and imploringly into her face. "What of this smuggler? What connexion have Margaret Glendower and her child with my affairs?"

"Why not ask Lavinia?" returned Annabella, in a low whisper.

"I have asked her."

"And didn't she tell you?"

"Aye—but not the truth. She has told me what she pleased, but I know that she has told me nothing like the facts. And now I ask you. You will not refuse me."

"My poor boy," said the shattered woman, with pity and tenderness in her tone and manner, "would you go into the wood at night if you knew there were ten thousand serpents there, the bite of either one of which would prove fatal in an hour after the fangs had entered your flesh?"

"That depends upon circumstances, my mother; it would depend upon what I had at stake. If you were there, and in danger, I would not hesitate."

"Ah—but suppose I was dead and buried, and there was no one there whom you could help—and suppose there were ten thousand times ten thousand serpents, all through the wood,—then would you go?"

"Of course not."

"Then be careful how you tread upon the ground you have approached. There is no secret for you. It is nothing that you should trouble yourself about in any way. Be wise, and keep away from the ocean when the wind howls, and the tempest tosses the frail bark to the dark valley of the shadow of death!"

There was a strange g_t in the woman s large, dull grey eyes—a sort of mournful glimmering—as though the soul were heavy with painful memories.

"*Mother,*" the young man said, bringing all the persuasiveness of look and tone to his aid which he could command, "you mistake me if you think that anything which you could tell me would worry me. It is the very suspense in which I am kept by knowing that the secret exists, and is not confided to me, that worries me. Now tell me what it is. Come—do not refuse me now."

"Poor boy!" murmured Annabella. "You know not what you ask. You are like a child in the sea that can neither sink nor swim. Let this thing alone. The storm and the tempest are for me—not for you. For *me*, I say. *She* will take care of you—my mother will—the lady Lavinia—the countess. She will take care of you, as she has taken care of me. Go—she has taken glorious care of me—glorious care. And she takes care of me now. She'll take care of you too, my boy. She knows how to do it. She isn't afraid of storm and tempest. But she's afraid of smugglers. Ha, ha, ha—she's afraid of smugglers!"

Annabella stopped suddenly, and caught her son by the arm. She gazed into his face with a half-terrified look, and then added, in a sharp, shrill whisper:

"Trust to her, but don't thwart her. Don't go into the woods when the serpents are there. And, if you see a serpent, don't put your foot on it. Now go. Go and be easy. You must keep very quiet. The earth will roll for you until it rolls open your grave, and then you needn't care whether it rolls any more or not. Go, Thomas, and let the withered woman take care of you. She has taken the charge—she took it three-and-twenty years ago—she must keep it. Go to her—but come not to me. There—I can speak no more."

She sank her head upon her hands as she spoke, and no amount of entreaty could induce her to speak another word. She sat there as mute and dumb as a stone, and would not even answer her son by a look. He plead with her until he became satisfied that she would speak no more, and then he withdrew from the apartment. He left the hall, and walked to the park, where he paced to and fro among the trees. He was angry now that he was alone, and his disappointment found vent in curses upon his grandmother. But he did not plan to seek information from her. He resolved that he would pursue the course he had marked out, let the consequences be what they would, and he would avail himself of her assistance while he needed it, trusting to the future for a solution of the mystery he had thus far sought to solve in vain.

CHAPTER XXI.

EMMA HAS VISITORS.

There was much anxiety at Ravendale when it was discovered that the lady Emma was missing; but when, towards night, Adam Nolan and Mary returned, and the truth was known, the servants mourned and wept, and believed their young mistress dead. With a bold front the woodman sought Walter Dean, and related to him the circumstances of the accident that had happened. Dean heard him through without speaking, and did not fly into a passion. Adam had prepared himself to meet a perfect storm of curses and anathemas, and he was not a little surprised by the calmness with which his account was received. The man was apparently angry, and his brow was dark, but he raved not as was his wont when things went wrong with him.

"You were going to York with her, you say?" remarked Walter, after the woodman had ceased speaking.

"Yes, sir," was the response.

"And what did the lady want there?"

"She wished to see some of her friends'

"What friends?"

"That I could not tell thee."

"But why did she go at such a time, and without consulting me?"

"You should know that, sir, as well as I. She must have feared that you would detain her."

"Very likely," said Dean, with a significant closing of the lips, and a slight grating of the teeth. "And what, think you, was her object in going?"

"To escape from the presence of the earl," answered Adam, bluntly.

"Aye, aye—I thought so. And now, sir, how dared you connive at such a plan? How dared you assist in such a trampling upon my authority?"

"I only obliged one whom I have been accustomed to obey, sir. I could not refuse her."

"And did you think to escape a just punishment upon such a pretext, sirrah? But we'll waste no words now. We'll send out and see if she is to be found. Or—I will ride away myself. I will go to York, and inquire as I go. But mark me—if she is not found it shall go hard with you. I want no more of you now."

Adam Nolan went out into the yard, and there met Rodolph, the old hound-keeper, to whom he had already related the events of the past night.

"Have ye seen him?" the old man asked,

"Yes," returned the woodman.

"An' did he rave like mad?"

"Not at all. I was never so surprised in my life. He was as calm as could be. He acted strangely. I was all nerved up for a terrible time, but I had it not. I' faith, I know not what to make of it."

"Will he turn out our people to search for her?"

"No—I think not. He is going himself."

The old man bent his eyes to the ground, and stood for some moments in silent thought. Then he cast a hurried glance around him, and said, in a low, cautious tone:

"I have it, Adam."

"Have what, Rodolph?"

"The reason of Walter Dean's strange behavior. I think I know why he did not rave as you thought he would."

"Ah—what is it?"

"It's plain enough,—returned the hound-keeper, with another careful glance around him. "If the lady Emma is dead, who comes in for all this property, eh?"

"Zounds," ejaculated Adam, "I never thought of that."

"But ye can think of it now, can't ye?"

"Aye, by the great Thor I can?" replied the woodman. "Holy angels! what a thing for Ravendale that would be! Only think of it. Walter Dean for master here, and our young mistress gone! Rodolph," he added, with startling solemnity, "there's a Spirit of evil over this place—over this whole section. Just look back over the past few months and see what has happened. Is there not some mighty power of darkness back of all this?"

The old man shuddered as he replied:

"It does seem so, Adam. It does seem so. But the end may soon come. Sir Roland is dead, and now if our sweet young mistress is dead, too, and Walter comes into full possession, as he must, there can be no worse things to happen."

The thought thus brought to life did not rest with its birth. Old Rodolph whispered it to the porter, and the porter whispered it to the steward, and the steward whispered it to the cook; so both male and female servants got hold of it, and ere long it was generally believed that the lady Emma was dead, and that Mr. Walter would take the estate as his own. And some even dared to whisper that the dark uncle would not find the lady if he could. As may be supposed, consternation and grief were upon all the servitors at Ravendale; but none felt so keenly as did Adam Nolan and his sister. They felt that they had been to blame for having allowed their mistress to go as she did; and, argue as they would, they could not drive off the sense of responsibility. Poor Mary wept and moaned till she was faint and worn with pain and anguish, and she was free to declare that she wished not to live if her dear mistress could not be found.

Just at sundown Walter Dean ordered his horse and rode away. He said he was going to York, and should not be back until the next night. He gained the high road, and then turned towards Woldhill, and shortly after dark he was with the earl, with whom he spent the night. They did not drink deeply then, but they played for small stakes, and laid their plans for the more important work they had in hand.

* * * * * * * * *

The sun arose bright and clear, and Emma Dean started from her bed and threw open the casement. The mellow tints of autumn were upon the wide-spread foliage, and the air was fresh and pure. When she had dressed herself the maiden felt almost as well as ever, and if there was any lameness remaining she noticed it not. She sat by the window for half an hour, waiting for some one to come to her, but as no one made an appearance she concluded that she would try and find her way to the court-yard, and walk there for awhile. Perhaps the family were not up yet.

With this intention she went to the door and tried to open it, but it would not give way beneath her touch. She tried again, and again. Perhaps the old oaken posts had become swelled. But no—that could not be, for the door was easily jarred, and seemed to swing easily in its frame. It was locked! As soon as this fact became apparent to her she went back to the window and sat down. A host of vague fears came rushing to her mind, but she would not give them thought. She dared not conjecture. She would wait until some one came, and then she would know.

At length the door was opened, and the wrinkled face of the lady Lavinia appeared. But the old woman did not enter. She only looked in, and then she withdrew, closing the door after her. In a little while it was opened again, and Sir Thomas Cleaveland entered.

"Dear lady," he said, approaching her with a smile and a deferential bow, "you know not how happy it makes me to find you so fully recovered from your late injuries. May I not hope that you are feeling well this morning?"

"I am feeling extremely well in bodily health, sir," replied the maiden, in a cold, shrinking tone.

"Then if the body be well, the mind must soon regain its wonted level," pursued the earl, sinking into a chair as she spoke. "By my soul, I was never more startled in my life than when I found you—dead, as I thought—by the roadside. But, thanks be to God, I had the joy of seeing you breathe again."

He spoke so fervently, and with such seeming honesty, that Emma could not help feeling a momentary trust in his truth.

"I am grateful for your kindness, sir—indeed I am," she said. "But I was not seriously injured."

"And yet you might have perished had you remained where I found you. Animation was not only entirely suspended, but the functions of life seemed gone. However, you are safe now, and I assure you that I am as happy in having saved you as you can possibly be in being saved."

"And now," said Emma, "will you not add to the obligation under which you have placed me, by allowing me to return to Ravendale?"

"You shall return in good time," replied the earl. "But," he added, in a pleading mood, "I had hoped that we might understand each other better ere you left us. I know not why it is, but something tells me that you have allowed a prejudice to occupy your mind against me. Surely you can have no just reason for this. Why will you not look upon me as your friend?"

"I should be most happy to do so, sir," returned the maiden, keeping back the bitter feeling that moved her soul.

"If you would," cried Sir Thomas, "if you would look upon me as such, and let me know that I held a place in your regard, I should be happier than I have been for months. Why should there be coldness between us? We have been children together—we have been reared close by each other—and why should we not now form a stronger union? I know that your uncle is not the man you would choose for a protector. He does not understand you. Emma—dearest, best of women," he exclaimed, throwing himself upon his knees at her feet, "why will you not make me happy? Come—be mine—and you shall have no want unfulfilled—no desire ungratified!"

He caught her hand as he spoke, but she broke quickly from him, and started away. She believed she gazed upon the murderer of her father. She knew that he had been cleared of the crime by circumstances, but not cleared in her opinion. The thought would not go from her, but gained strength every time she called it up. And there were other crimes, too, laying darkly upon him.

"Do not touch me!" she cried, turning pale as she spoke. "Do not speak to me upon that subject again. You have had my answer once, and I can never give you another."

"Never?" repeated the earl, rising to his feet.

"Never!" was the response.

He curbed the hot passion that came hissing and seething from his bosom, and, pale with the effort, he said in a low, whispering tone, not wholly divested of the passion that lay behind it—

"If you would try—if you would reflect—if you would study for a moment your own good—if you would remember how much you may depend upon a powerful will like mine for the weal of life—perhaps you would think differently. I do not believe that you mean to reject me thus."

"Sir Thomas Cleaveland," spoke the lady, shaking off her trepidation, and raising herself proudly up, "you mistake me if you think I could be swerved from the course I have determined upon. You say we have been children together. So we have been, but never playmates. The child of the poorest tenant upon your broad estate has been as much to me as have you. There can never be love between us. Then why play this farce longer? Let me go to my home, and do you seek a wife who can love and care for you, for the time may come when you will need a gentle hand to smooth your brow, and a hopeful voice to whisper peace and comfort into your soul. You cannot want the property which fortune has left me, for you already have more than enough of your own. You can find those who are fairer than I am, and who will not refuse you."

"And do you think the matter ends here?" asked the earl, still struggling to keep his passion back.

"I should hope it would," returned Emma.

"Then," cried he, with a stamp of his foot, "you are much mistaken. I shall see you again; and until then you may have food for reflection. By the immortal Jove, I would have you know that Lord Thomas Cleaveland is not so easily thwarted in his plans."

With this he turned away and strode from the room, closing the door after him, and throwing a heavy bolt upon the outside. When Emma was thus left alone she sank into her seat and gazed upon the spot where the earl last stood. The gaze was vacant, as though the image which she saw was in her mind, and not in the space before her. She had sat thus some fifteen minutes, with all sorts of fears and surmises chasing each other in her thoughts, when her uncle entered the apartment. She had started to her feet, and was upon the point of speaking, when she caught the ugly look upon his face, and shrunk back.

"Well," he said, after he had regarded her a while in silence, as a man might regard a criminal whom he was obliged to punish, "I find you here, do I? Sit down!"

She sank into a chair, and he followed the example.

"You have had a fine adventure, haven't you? A very fine adventure. You were on your way to York, eh?"

Emma did not answer.

"I know," the man continued, in a bantering, ugly tone. "You were off for York to escape your uncle and guardian. Can you deny that?"

Still no answer.

"Of course you can't. But now tell me—and you'll speak, too, if you please—whom did you expect to see in York?"

"Anybody who would be a friend to me," the maiden cried, covering her face with her hands, and sobbing aloud. At that moment a sense of her friendless situation came to her, and the sad events of the past few moments passed before her like a scroll, calling forth a burst of grief which she could not repress.

"You needn't resort to any such trickery as that," said Walter, with a threatening nod of the head, "for it won't take with me. I know the coin too well. Such stubborn, willful things as you have proved yourself to be don't have such turns for nothing. But you see, you didn't manage it as you expected. It wasn't to be that such sinful disregard of parental authority should succeed. I say, *parental*, and I mean it; for such is my authority over you. You have seen the earl, haven't you?"

"I have," replied Emma, whose soul had become firm again, and fired with indignation at the vile abuse thus heaped upon her by her unworthy uncle. She had resolved that she would not again give way before him.

"And did you remember what I told you the last time we spoke of him?" asked Walter.

"I remembered nothing, sir, save the utter hatred I felt for the man."

"Beware, girl! He came to you with my permission, and he has authority from me for the offer he has made you. I wish you to bear this in mind."

"Walter Dean, this is not the place in which to speak of such a matter. Carry me to my home."

"*This is your home, girl!*"

Emma started with a new and sudden terror. She was affected no less by the tone in which the words had been spoken than by the words themselves.

"*This—this* my home?" she gasped.

"Aye—while you live! I am not to be thwarted. I have said it, and it shall be done! You shall be the wife of Thomas Cleaveland as sure as God lives! Now you know my purpose!"

"*His wife!*" cried Emma, with frantic energy. "Oh—the power was never given to earth that can make me that thing! Between me and death there is but a single step, and I will take it sooner than be his wife!"

"Very well," returned the villanous guardian, while a triumphant flash burned in his eye, and an expression of strange import worked upon his blood-shot features. "You can do as you please about that. If you die I can have no more authority over you, but while you live my authority lasts. Do not forget that."

Emma Dean read the base man's thoughts in a moment.

"When I am dead you will be master of Ravendale!" she said, with so much meaning in her tone and look that her uncle for the moment quailed before her.

"You shall find that I am master now," he uttered, with an oath; "and for the present you know my purpose. You can ponder upon it at your leisure, and when I see you again your stubbornness may have abated somewhat."

"Take me to Ravendale, I pray you."

"Your husband may take you there, but your guardian—never!"

With this Walter Dean strode from the room, and Emma remained for a long time standing where he had left her. Finally her head dropped, and she clasped her hands upon her throbbing brow.

"Father! mother!" she cried, "I can come to you—I will come—ere this curse shall fall upon your unhappy child!"

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

FLIRTING.

In dishonest "affairs of the heart," woman is generally the greatest (if not the only) sufferer. The reason is plain—woman's *affections* are more apt to become interested in such affairs than men's are. The men—favored beings! can *make* love when and where they please, without ever *feeling* one of its genuine yearnings. With them vanity, curiosity, the spirit of adventure, and passion, are the moving forces. They find it "pleasant" to flirt with some agreeable girl—they are amused—they like the entertainment of kind receptions, blushes, loving looks, and words and smiles. That is, they like all these things until the novelty wears off, or until they become "too busy" to spend any more time in pleasure, when they can give it all up without a sigh; forgetting, in the excitement and whirl of business, that they ever did or said a thing to cause a woman to believe she was important to their happiness.

But few women *can* flirt long untouched of feeling. Towards the man she can permit to hold her hand, and sit beside her telling confidential stories, gazing upon her the while with that expression which can be so well imagined, but so feebly described, whose attentions and apparent devotion she never repulses or discourages, woman *can not*, ordinarily, long maintain indifference. Affection, in a woman's heart, *is but a light sleeper*, and a touch, or a whisper, may arouse it *there*, when in a man's heart the thundering of all the guns of Sebastopol might fail to make it start or stir.

Why this is so might perhaps be told, but here it needs not explanation. The fact is all that is necessary to show how foolish it is, and how dangerous to her own peace, for a woman ever to flirt.

If men like the business, let them try it on each other. It is not fair for flint and iron to enter the lists against brittle crystal, or against pure, soft gold—nor for the lion to wrestle with the dove.

C. S.

ADVICE OF AN OLD LADY.

Now, John, listen to me, for I am older than you, or I couldn't be your mother. Never do you marry a young woman, John, before you have contrived to happen at the house where she lives, at least four or five times before breakfast. You should know how late she lies in bed in the morning. You should take notice whether her complexion is the same in the morning as it is in the evening, or whether the morning wash and the towel have robbed her of her evening bloom. You should take care to surprise her, so that you may see her in her morning dress, and observe how her hair looks when she is not expecting you. If possible you should be where you can hear the morning conversation between her and her mother. If she is ill-natured and snappish to her mother, so she will be to you, depend on it. But if you find her up and dressed neatly in the morning with the same countenance, the same neatly combed hair, the same ready and pleasant answers to her mother, which characterize her appearance and deportment in the evening, and particularly if she is lending a hand to get the breakfast ready in good season, she is a prize John, and the sooner you secure her to yourself the better.

NECESSITY OF WORKS OF FICTION.

An ideal world is necessary to the mind: all nations, whether rude or civilized, have possessed one, and stocked it with scenes, personages, and occupations suitable to their respective notions of happiness. Man is not satisfied with the objects around him, and from his store of hope and prophetic feeling, builds himself a mental paradise to repose or revel in, while terror and superstition often lend their pernicious aid, intruding "gorgons, hydras, and chimæras dire." This becomes the presence-chamber of the soul, where the perceptions are received and ranked. All thoughts and objects become tinged with the prevailing air of the place, and decked either in the gay attire of fancy, or dull livery of woe. We view the world reflected in it as in a speculum, and in no other light can we view it; for to reason against feeling is impossible. This, whether produced by the ascendant genius of a few, by climate, or by divine inspiration, is the pervading spirit of each nation and age. It is this, which originates and characterizes all habit; and to this, as to an all actuating cause, the philosophic historian can trace every fact he narrates.

SERVICE.

What is service in its origin? The employment of a man's limbs and faculties to provide for his wants. Extend this instrument a little, and you have a family of children serving and obeying their own father. The next stage shows us some needy relations drawn into the circle and helping the family. Lastly, we have strangers hired and paid for lending us the use of their faculties and limbs to execute for us what we cannot effect without such assistance. Service is, therefore, a representation of a man's toil, and a servant is always the substitute of his master. The world is in so artificial a state that, in all our reasonings, we must needs make allowance for this condition of our species; but the less distinction a man observes between his servants and his children, the juster he will be to his own interest and to the welfare of those employed, and the better he will understand the true nature of the institution.

"CLAUDE MELNOTTE."

Inscribed to Cd. —— ——.

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

Oh, I had loved him for the glorious gleams
  Of poetry that from his lip would break,
The fairy palace that he built in dreams
  For the sweet shores of Como's lonely lake;
And those wild tempests of the heart whose flame
  His young impassioned breast so fiercely burned—
Yet when I heard the romance of his name
  Upon *thy* voice, to love him *more* I learned.

Softly, my friend, I've heard his radiant words
  Fall from thy lip at twilight's haunted hour,
And their sweet spell has hushed my bosom's chords
  Into the silence of a dream whose power
Will linger with my spirit evermore.
  Ay, evermore—on earth it cannot flee,
And I will pray that to the angel-shore
  That wild'ring music may ascend with me.

My *almost brother*, though within thine eye
  The darkness grows half mournful, and thy brow
Is gathering shadows—in the years gone by
  Thou couldst not have entranced me more than now
And when I hear thy soft-attuned guitar
  And softer voice in star-light cadence blend,
I send a tone of murmured joy afar
  To thank the angels that thou art *my friend*.

THE FLOWER OF RHEINSTEIN.

A LEGEND OF THE RHINE.

BY CORA BELL.

The remains of the ancient castle of Rheinstein still stands upon the summit of a steep rock overlooking the right bank of the Rhine. It is in perfect ruins, the wanton hand of devastation having forestalled the slower progress of time. The peasantry relate of it the following legend, a tale of true-love crossed:

Once upon a time, centuries ago, there lived in this castle a grim Baron, a quarrelsome old robber, who, when not engaged in conflict with his neighbors, spent his time in predatory excursions in the neighboring countries with the view of replenishing his larder and cellar. Now, Baron Hugo Von Rheinstein, besides being cordially hated for being surly and savage, was possesed of a treasure, which, as he determined no one else should have a share of, had rendered him still more an object of dislike to his neighbors. He had an only child, a daughter, whose peerless beauty had rendered her the theme of every tongue; and, though kept in such strict seclusion that a glimpse of her was seldom seen, rumors of her exceeding loveliness had rendered half the noble youths in the country frantically in love with her.

Offers for the hand of the Flower of Rheinstein had poured upon the baron from all quarters, and had been obstinately rejected; if not the suitors themselves, their fathers or grandfathers having been engaged with him in some hereditary feud or quarrel impossible to heal or close up.

The fair Bertha was not particularly displeased at the summary rejection of her suitors, most of whom were a wild, lawless set of young fellows, whose highest ambition was deeds of violence, the bare recital of which filled the gentle maiden with horror; another and probably stronger reason was, that she had already disposed of her heart. Yes, she loved—"alas not wisely, but too well"—a modest youth, whose rank in life was lowly, indeed, but whose stately form and ingenuous countenance marked him out as one of Nature's noblemen. Alain Ruter, the seneschal's or porter's son, was her page and chosen retainer since she was a merry little girl, sporting like a sprite through the dark old castle. She had grown up to womanhood; and he five years older, still attended on her without having excited the slightest suspicion in the baron's mind that he could have dared to lift his plebeian eyes to the peerless lady Bertha. It was Alain that tamed for her use the beautiful Arabian she rode on, and trained the fiery hawk that now perched with such dainty meekness on her slender wrist; it was Alain that told her such bewitching love stories of poor but adventurous youths, who had loved noble maidens beauteous as herself, and who, like the dull crysalis warmed by the sun into life and vigor, had risen to fame and fortune, animated by their bright eyes.

One day Baron Hugo brought home with him a French knight, whom he introduced to his daughter as an old friend and companion at arms. Sir Guy de Courcey, a sour looking warrior like himself, was captivated at the first sight of the Flower of Rheinstein, and immediately preferred his suit to her father. Now, his fierce raids excepted, the baron was not a very bad man, for he loved and was proud of Bertha; so he demurred somewhat at the disparity of years. Anything about mutual love he did not care a fig for; his own wife had been a beautiful young creature, (some said a princess of the blood royal of France, who had wandered from her train in a hunting excursion) whom he carried off and shut up in a solitary tower until she consented to marry him. Such a man did not care much about hearts; nevertheless he might have listened to Bertha's prayers and supplications; but unluckily some of the kings of Christendom had been meditating a new crusade in the Holy Land, and young and old were arming with an enthusiasm that spread like an epidemic.

Baron Hugo caught up the martial ardor; he was getting tired of Faderland; his forays were daily becoming more dangerous than profitable, and his idle retainers more hungry, indolent and unmanageable. The French knight, who had himself amassed considerable wealth in Palestine, inflamed his imagination, too, with the vision of winning a rich territory in the soft, luxurious regions of Asia—a land, he said, where wealth and power awaited the strong hand.

Now the baron was as pugnacious as Mars, but his coffers were empty, and to equip a troop of men without money was impossible. Sir Guy arranged the matter for him, and in a secret conference, the baron agreed that if both parties returned home in safety the fair Bertha was to become the bride of Sir Guy; that knight was to supply the funds requisite for the baron's undertaking, in lieu of which the lands and castle of Rheinstein were mortgaged to him until the debt was paid, or canceled by his marriage with Bertha.

The Baron Von Rheinstein, with a stately retinue of troops, bade adieu to his daughter, commending her to the care of the Abbess of the neighboring convent, with directions to be pious and pray for their success against the infidels. He did not tell her of the wicked compact between Sir Guy and himself, or probably the Flower of Reinstein would have withered away long before his return; as it was, she indulged in tears and lamentations enough to have changed her into a fountain when she found her beloved Alain was to accompany the baron. Sir Guy's lynx eyes had detected the attachment of the lovers, and had hinted the same to his friend.

That evening they met in the shade of the neighboring forest, and exchanged vows of eternal fidelity. The youth swore at her feet that, though no noble blood flowed in his veins, he would carve for himself a name that would render him worthy of her love, or leave his bones to bleach in Palestine. "Yes, dear one, by God's help thy father, were he the proudest lord that ever bore pennon, shall not refuse thee to me when I behold thee next." He kissed his crosshandled sword as he murmured these words, but the gentle Bertha threw herself into his arms in an agony of grief—how could she part from her beloved, the only protector that she had known almost from childhood. The hapless lovers gazed upon each other with tears gushing from their eyes, embraced again and again, and parted.

Two years rolled on, and no tidings reached the lady Bertha. Once only a pilgrim mentioned that a brave young esquire from the Rhinegan had saved the King of France's life, and that he dubbed him a knight upon the field. Another year rolled like a weary interval away; no more news, and the once peerless loveliness of the Flower of Rheinstein began to droop and fade away.

But suddenly the baron and Sir Guy again appeared. A few wounded soldiers and some Saracen slaves were all they had brought back of the brilliant train that had departed with them. To Bertha's tears, and poor Bruno's demand for his child, the baron gruffly answered that he had fallen in a sortie under the wall of Antioch. He had failed to conquer the splendid kingdom Sir Guy had promised him, having barely escaped with his life, with the addition of an ugly wound in the head, which made him more fierce and irascible than ever. Vain was now poor Bertha's resistance; Sir Guy insisted on the immediate fulfilment of the baron's compact, and preparations for the marriage were commenced on a scale of unexampled magnificence.

The legend says that never did the glorious sun shine more brightly and merrily on the lofty towers and frowning battlements of the castle of Rheinstein than on the morning of the bridal. The bells of the neighboring convents sent forth a joyous chime, and the timeworn walls of the old fortress echoed back the strains of merriment and music. The spacious courtyard was nearly filled with armed men, Sir Guy and the baron's retainers; they were richly and even fantastically clothed; short gambizons of white cloth, with the crest of their leaders emblazoned in silver on each shoulder, with bunches of white ribbon ornamented their breastplates and basinets. They were armed with long lances, and mounted on strong horses of Flanders breed.

Apart from the motley throng was the gay bridegroom, a tall, powerful-built man, somewhat past the meridian of life. His attire, which was magnificent, was worn with the air of a man whose years sat lightly on him, and who wishes to convey that impression to others. Deeply immersed in thought, and heedless of the gay crowd around him, the French knight paced silently the only spot unoccupied by the horsemen, which was a narrow path immediately beneath the castle windows. Suddenly his steps quickened, his dark eye gleamed with a sudden fire, then wandered moodily around as if seeking commune with some unseen being. His thin, bloodless lips were firmly compressed, and a peculiar smile of mocking bitterness that played about the corners told a fearful tale of triumph and revenge.

The sudden ceasing of the joyous chimes from the abbey bell roused the bridegroom from his reverie; he started, and hastily composing his features, crossed the courtyard. At the postern gate stood one of the Moors, holding the reins of a richly caparisoned war horse; beside him a handsome page was busily engaged in fastening a plume in the head of a Spanish jennet, whose velvet trappings, as they swept the ground, literally dazzled the eyes, the whole surface being covered with a frost-work of pearl.

Sir Guy bent low to the latter and whispered some words; the boy doffed his cap, and with a gesture of respect disappeared into the castle; he returned almost immediately, and spoke some words in a low voice; with a hasty exclamation the knight again strode along the pavement.

The impatience of Sir Guy had gradually communicated to the company. One by one the cavaliers checked the prancing and curveting of their mettled steeds, and gathered into groups, while some of the elder knights, with grave tones and frowning brows ill-concealing the smile upon their lips, were vainly reproving the reckless gibes and witty conceits which their junior compeers unsparingly lavished upon the tardy movemenis of the bridal party.

At this moment the appearance of Hugo Von Rheinstein himself put a stop to the heedless gossip of the cavaliers.

"In good sooth, valiant friend," said the old baron, gruffly, "an' you were as sick of women's freaks as I am, you would not be in such a hurry to wed one. I can make no better speed with yon witless maiden, if you were to make a king of me. She heeds not this gallant show," and the old Baron looked proudly around the court-yard, "nor the rare garments, nor resplendent jewels, that thou hast bestowed on her. The foolish pet has spent the morning in tears; but a skillful leech has administered to her a sleeping potion, which, he says, will, when she wakens, make her duteous and obedient to our will."

De Courcey bit his lip.

"God grant it may," said he, in a stifled voice, "for by the rood, Sir Baron, this is but sorry news to bring an impatient bridegroom. Mayhap," said he, in the tone of one who catches at some sudden hope, "some idle tire-women have alarmed their lady by the mention of yonder knaves. Maidens are timid, and love not at such a time as this the rude gaze of armed men. I will dismiss the noisy varlets, and with those brave knights and gallant gentlemen patiently await the wakening of the lady Bertha."

"It needs not," said Von Rheinstein, proudly. "Bertha is of a war-like race, and from her childhood the clang and clash of steel has ever sounded in her ears as lightly as her lute."

"She is the fitter for a soldiers's bride," exclaimed Sir Guy, with a haughty smile. "But stay, Sir Hugo; while you present my loving duty to your daughter, tell her to beware how she casts wealth and honor thus recklessly away—to take heed the day come not when she shall lament it bitterly but in vain."

With a countenance black as midnight the French knight strode on—and luckily, for an oath had sprung to fierce old Hugo's lips, and his ready hand had already touched his sword—an action which had not passed unnoticed by the gay assemblage.

The Baron Von Rheinstein re-entered his castle. He passed into a lofty hall, elaborately carved with the armorial bearings of the Von Rheinsteins, and ascended a winding staircase. He paused at the top, and entered a small turret chamber, whose only recommendation as an abode for beauty was the prospects its narrow casements presented of the lovely Rhine and its verdant vallies. On the floor, which was strewn with rushes, several costly articles of female apparel lay scattered. The baron approached a couch at the upper end of the room, and drawing aside a curtain, gazed long and anxiously. The Flower of Rheinstein lay before him—a fair young girl still, but the ripe lip, the rounded cheek, the first delicate bloom and freshness of early youth had fled. In the unconscious gracefulness of sleep her head rested on her white upturned arm; her golden hair had escaped from under a chaplet of white roses, and far and wide it streamed in rich profusion on her neck and shoulders; her cheek was flushed, her long silken lashes wet as if with recent tears, and o'er that sad, sweet face there flitted a bland, unearthly smile.

"Gertrude," said the baron to a tire-maiden that sat beside her, "fetch thy lute. The leech said it would wake yet soothe her."

The girl arose, took her lute, and seating herself on a low tressel at her mistress's feet, after a slight prelude, began a little lay of touching sweetness. Again that wild, fitful smile played upon the lady's features—her lips moved, but no sound escaped—her eye-lids were slowly elevated; the deep blue orbs rested on the figure of the baron—she started wildly from the couch and pressed her small, white hands over her forehead, as if to recall her scattered thoughts from that dread lethargy. The baron made a quick, impatient sign. Her maidens thronged around her. They clasped Sir Guy's choicest gift—a zone of rubies—round her slender waist, then flung a silken mantle over her exquisitely molded shoulders—a vail of filmy gauze descended to her feet. Mute, motionless, the pasive victim stood beneath their hands—a slight, convulsive shudder alone betrayed her inward agony as, seizing her unresisting hand, the baron led her to the hall.

A low murmur of admiration ran along the castle yard. Knight and esquire bent to their saddle-bows in mute devotion to the Flower of Rhinestein. Statue like that queenly form stood, gazing with a vague mournfulness around her, as if seeking for some fond, familiar face. In vain the baron pressed her hand and muttered in her ear. He then raised his plumed casque and bowed respectfully to the armed throng. At the same moment De Courcey approached, leading the white palfrey; and with a suave smile upon his grim visage, he lifted the fair Bertha on it; then, seizing the silken rein, he bounded on his own charger, and waving his hand, the brilliant suite of knights and men-at-arms formed around, and slowly followed by the swarthy Saracens, the cavalcade issued from the castle-yard.

On the borders of the old forest, that surrounded the castle Von Rheinstein, stood the Abbey of St. Ethold. It had originally been built and endowed in atonement for some wild deed by Ranulph, first Baron Von Rheinstein; but none of his successors happening to excel either in piety or wealth, they gradually monopolized the revenue appointed for its support, and though still used as the last resting-place of the race of Von Rheinstein, the ancient order of monks had long been dispersed, and the moldering walls and dilapidated arches were fast crumbling into dust.

Leaning against one of the broken columns, in the interior of the chapel, stood a man of tall and graceful figure, but of such delicate proportions as to convey an idea of ill health. He was in full armor, which looked rather soiled and travel-stained, wore neither crest nor badge, and from an appearance of mental and bodily exhaustion the stranger seemed to have journeyed long and hurriedly. The visor of his helmet was up, and displayed the noble countenance of a young man about three or four-and-twenty, but so careworn and ghastly, that it seemed Death had already set his seal upon it. The stranger's sunken eyes wandered round the sculptured walls, storied with bygone splendors of the Von Rheinsteins—it paused not on the proud record of deeds his own had equaled; his gaze fell upon a few garlands of fresh pulled flowers, which the nuns of the neighboring convent had industriously hung around the walls. At this moment the clattering of hoofs, mingled with the hum of many voices, was borne on his ear. A faint glow tinged the pale cheek of the youth; he started from his recumbent posture, and drawing up his slight form to its full hight, he approached a small opening, cut in the solid masonry. The priest's white garments fluttered past him. Then came a gallant company. Onward they swept, with nodding plumes, and glittering spears. The stranger saw none, heeded none—his whole faculty of vision seemed to have fixed on one hated form. A knight rode slowly by, apparently in deep converse with a fair and fragile being who rode beside him, and now his drooping plume has almost touched her palfrey's neck—he has raised her unresisting hand, and pressed it to his lips. A groan burst from the stranger—he clasped his mailed hand over his brow, as if to repress the maddening agony of some painful thought.

The bridal procession advanced towards the altar—a breathless silence fell around. The Flower of Rheinstein and Sir Guy de Courcey knelt before the sacred shrine; the aged priest unclasped an illuminated missal, the glancing sunbeams now streaming in all their glory, lit up the brilliant page, and a face to which the long fasts and painful vigils of an ascetic life had imparted a chastened and spiritual expression without blunting the gentle feelings of a common humanity, or subduing the natural warmth of a kindly heart, for there was a pitying softness in his mild blue eye as it glanced upon that fair young girl to the bold dark man beside her, and a tremulous faintness in his voice as he pronounced the benediction.

Suddenly a clash of arms was heard; all started to their feet, and, fearful of treachery, knights and squires looked enquiringly around. An armed knight advanced from an obscure part of the chapel, and approached De Courcey.

"Guy de Courcey," said a voice that sounded faint and hollow within the closed visor of his helmet, but grew hurried and impassioned as he proceeded—"I come here to do battle in behalf of one whom you have most foully wronged. Traitor—renegade—false and dishonored knight, I forbid thy marriage rites, until thou hast met me in mortal combat, on foot or on horse-back, by lance, sword or any other weapon. There lies my gage!" and the iron gauntlet of the stranger rang upon the stone pavement.

A mortal paleness for a moment overspread the countenance of the French knight. He started to his feet and looked wildly at the figure before him, but recovering himself with a powerful effort, he exclaimed in tone of cutting irony—

"And who art thou discourteous churl, that thus dares to malign a spotless name? Mayhap some bower-knight or low born adventurer, about to run a tilt in honor of his maiden spurs; and yet, good faith noble gentleman, we perceive that neither crest, cognizance nor lady's favor wears this proxy champion for another's wrongs. Pity to let such martial ardor cool—although, by holy rood! (said he, turning to the Lady Bertha,) such loveliness as this might well plead our rejection of a nobler cause. It shall never be said that love's light fetters so bound the heart of Guy de Courcey; and now, fair lady, grace with your presence but the field, and under favor of your bright eyes, and this good lance, I trust to do such service as will again lead me a willing captive to your feet."

He spoke to vacant ears, the lady had started from that death-like stupor into which she had sunk since her first wakening from the effects of the sleeping-draught. The stranger's voice had fallen like long forgotten music on her ear; the icy chain that bound her spirit broke, and memory poured its gushing tide along. Once more she was a happy girl, and rambled with her beloved Alain through the verdant woods and leafy bowers of Rheinstein. She raised her large blue eyes and gazed wistfully on the figure of the stranger.

The lists were quickly formed, and an elevated seat arranged for the lady Bertha, for even the most timid of the fair sex were bound to preside at those deadly contests, as well as those lighter jousts and tournaments, which, generally undertaken in honor of their charms, formed the principal amusement of the chivalry of the age.

Whilst the preparations for the combat were completing, knights and squires crowded round the stranger. Their proffers of assistance and profuse inquiries were repelled with grave and chilling courtesy. At length the signal was given, and with couched lance the challenger rode into the lists. De Courcey spurred forward to meet him. At the first onslaught, both lances shivered to the grip. Fresh weapons were placed in their hands. Again the lance of the stranger was shattered on the breastplate of his opponent. All eyes were now fixed on De Courcey, when suddenly the stranger was observed to reel faintly in his saddle. For a moment he rose slowly in his stirrups, and aimed a few random blows with a broken stump that remained in his hand, then sinking backward, his arms fell powerless by his side.

Four squires instantly entered the barrier, and advanced to his assistance. They lifted him out of the saddle, and placing him on the greensward, hastily unlaced his helmet. A quantity of raven hair clustered round a pale, death-like countenance, whose extreme youth and beauty at once attracted the sympathy and curiosity of the bystanders. Some pressed quickly forward, and undoing the armor, began to chafe the limbs of the stranger, but, alas! in vain—the vital spark was extinct. The gallant youth had fought in the last agonies of death. The worn and emaciated appearance of the stranger's body gave loose to conjecture, until the marks of fetters on the arms and wrists solved the enigma. The knight had escaped from Palestine, and the well known rigor with which the Saracens treated the unfortunate captives who refused to abjure their faith and country, flashed on the remembrance of all present.

"Escaped from the Moors," exclaimed a young knight. "'Tis Alain Ruter, of Rheinstein," murmured he, as he bent over the wan countenance. "Yes, gentlemen, it is Alain Ruter, who, for his noble deeds in Palestine, was knighted by the hand of the great Louis himself."

"'Tis Alain Ruter," was echoed from lip to lip.

A hurried step was now heard advancing. All moved back with respectful sympathy, as the form of the old seneschal of Rheinstein tottered into the circle.

"Who speaks of my Alain, gallant gentlemen?" said he, in a low, husky voice. "Say, has my boy returned? He was not dead, then." He uttered a wild, bitter cry, as he threw himself on the body; the long, gray hair mingled with the raven curls, as he pressed the cold, inanimate clay to his breast. "Oh! he is not dead, sirs; my boy, my Alain will awake. Ye could not have coldly murdered one so brave and good. They say old hearts are callous; but oh! they have not felt the pangs of madness burning in their brain, long, sleepless nights and days of agony, the aching, yearning sorrow with which a father mourns for his child."

Over the hum of young, eager voices that pressed consoling around old Bruno, there rose a scream of such thrilling misery, as never issued but from the very depths of a broken heart. There was a pause of anxious suspense; all looked fearfully to where the Lady Bertha sat. A group of figures had congregated round the spot. There was a flutter of a thin white robe, as the dark mass opened for a moment. A knight came slowly forward. He knelt and reverently laid the fair form of the ill-fated Bertha by the side of her lover. Her deep blue eyes were closed as if in a profound and happy sleep—her gentle spirit had fled forever.

Mourned by every youth and maiden in the Rhinegan, the Flower of Rheinstein was laid in her ancestral vault, and by her side, his shattered weapons crossed upon his breast, they laid the young crusader.

Stout Baron Hugo would have turned monk, but he was too much attached to the wine-cup, so he resumed his old way of life, and was knocked on the head in one of his predatory excursions.

Sir Guy disappeared without enforcing his claim on the lands of Rheinstein, but years after, a weary palmer brought tidings to the neighboring monastery of shameful discomfiture experienced by the Christian host, for foremost in each sally, and still bearing the pennon of the Cross, a knight of St. John led on the Paynim ranks. The holy man crossed himself as the name of Sir Guy de Courcey passed his lips.

THE SELF-TORMENTOR.

There is no end to the complaints which we hear uttered against the hard fate, the numberless sorrows to which the human race is exposed in this world. We are told that this world is a vale of tears, a dark, gloomy wilderness, a vast thornfield, and the travelers through it are exposed to all sorts of trials and troubles.

Now if these complaints are true, or even believed to be true, we should in reason expect that people would refrain from adding to the general inconvenience and troubles of life by manufacturing new and additional ones. Yet, as a matter of daily experience, we find that a large proportion of men, and women too, are constantly and zealously engaged in inventing troubles and imagining evils which have no shadow of reality, but with which the inventors contrive to plague and worry themselves as much as they possibly could with the most substantial.

It would be ludicrous, if it were not profoundly melancholy, to notice the perverse ingenuity and industry with which many people pursue this business of tormenting themselves with imaginary sufferings. In spite of all that Providence lavishes upon them, they will be miserable, and you cannot persuade them out of it. How strange a being man is, and how certain it is that he is his own worst enemy. In nine cases out of ten, we have no doubt, could we sift out the grounds upon which people are miserable, we should find that the real troubles bore a very small proportion to the imagined ones. How long shall we keep up this folly? Why not be satisfied with grumbling over the actual ills of life, rather than tax our imaginations to create a new batch every day.

An Excellent Motto.—Fear no man, and do justice to all men.

NOISE.

"Now learn, my sons, the wondrous power of noise.'

Man is naturally a noisy animal. To make a noise is the only lesson in which nature herself has instructed him, and he is master of the art before he is even conscious of existence. High and low, good and bad, attain nearly the same proficiency in it. Man's inclination to make noise assumes the authority of a passion at his birth, and it prevails in every modification of humanity. It is equipollent in a state of nature, and in the capricious communities of artificial life. It is the appetite which fashion has not at any time repealed, and hitherto it has been safe even from the freaks of a fine lady. Philosophers, seeing the force of the passion, have been beating about for an explanation; one of them says that our love of noise proceeds from an instinctive aversion to our own thoughts, and that, if every wish we form could be analyzed, they would be traced, without exception, to that source. There may be reason in this; melancholy is the natural ally of meditation—joy, on the contrary, is made up of noise; it thunders forth in a cannonade of laughter, and exorcises the neighborhood round of pale cogitation and her pensive train. It would be impossible, and even if otherwise, it would be useless, to number up the proofs of the force of this passion over the human heart. Even when "the senses are steeped in forgetfulness," we do involuntary homage to the goddess of noise, and like the Wogultzoi, that worship their idols by howling, acknowledge her supremacy in the most sonorous accents. The whole business of life is to make a noise in the world. The statesman sacrifices to it his health, and, not seldom, something that ought to be dearer. The professional man builds all his hopes on making a noise. It is the only point, we believe, in which opposing parties agree, and "the American public" may thank the force of this passion over mankind, or they might go whistle for a Congress.

Every strong excitement impels us to make noise. Savages go to battle with loud shouts and outcries. The armies of civilized nations do the same, partly with the view of striking terror in their enemies, and artificial noise is employed to keep up the courage of the soldiers. The Bohemian warrior (Zisca) who left his skin for a drum, saying that the enemy would fly at the sound of it, is a good authority in favor of the virtues of noise. Cato the Elder boasted that he had gained more victories by *the throats* of his army than by their swords, and Cæsar mentions the shouts of his regiments as one of the things that rendered them superior to the troops of Pompey. Military men admit that the noise of the artillery does as much towards the victory as the shots themselves, and a certain captain was wont to call the mouth of a great gun *hell-mouth*, and said that he who trembled not when one of them thundered, feared neither God nor the devil.

Guilt has a great antipathy to noise. Confessions of crimes have been extorted ere now by a sudden shock of noise. When Macbeth has effected the bloody deed, the least sound fills him with alarms. The knocking from without petrifies him with fear. "How is't with me," he says, "when every noise appals me?" When Lear hears the tempest rattling over his head, he, in the most natural manner, exclaims—

Tremble, thou wretch,
That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipp'd of justice.

We cannot better conclude than by correcting a popular error respecting the comparative ages of Noise and Silence. The notion that Silence is the eldest has been insidiously countenanced by Pope, in his Address to Silence, in imitation of Rochester, the following lines making her out to be senior to the creation:

Thine was the sway ere Heaven was formed, or earth,
Ere fruitful thought conceived creation's birth,
Or midwife word gave aid, and spoke the infant forth.

Milton, however, settles the matter otherwise, in his description of the appearance before creation:

Illimitable ocean! without bound,
——————where eldest Night
And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold
Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise
Of endless wars, and by confusion stand.

ON THE CHOICE OF PROFESSIONS.

"Consult the genius of the place in all."

Upon the choice of his profession or trade a man's fortune in life materially depends; prosperity and comfort may be said to hang on the decision; and, by thwarting a peculiar bias, or evident preference, we may crush ambition, nullify genius, and substitute heartless labor and profitless exertion for energy, eminence, and fame. Few are gifted with universal talents, and few, perhaps, are able to pursue the particular study or occupation best adapted to their bodily and mental abilities. Powers and capacities may exist unknown even to their possessor, which, if circumstances had brought into notice, might have changed the whole current of his life, and altered and improved his destiny. When by some favoring chance a man discovers the peculiar bent of his genius, and when by a happy fate he is enabled to follow its direction, the foundation is laid for future eminence, though much subsequent exertion and continued perseverance will be requisite to raise the superstructure. To produce this exertion the spur of ambition is useful, but still more effectual is the sharper prick of poverty. When a nobleman showed a picture he had painted to Poussin, and asked his opinion of it, the artist replied, "If you were but *poor*, my Lord, you would become a fine painter."

MOST COMMON ABODE OF HAPPINESS.

Most true it is that happiness most frequently takes up her abode in the middle ranks of life. The mind of man is so constituted as to take more pleasure in anticipating a future good than in enjoying a present one: ease is ten times sweeter when gained by our own exertions; rest is never truly delightful till purchased by previous labor; what we procure for ourselves seems more precious than any inherited possessions; and the little acquisitions and indulgencies for which we work and for which we economize, are pleasanter amusements in pursuit, and greater blessings in enjoyment, than all the luxury and splendor to which the rich and noble are familiarized from their birth, and which spring not in the remotest degree from their own merit or exertions.

CHECK ANGER!

We prefer a quick temper—"quick mad and quick over"—to a sullen one; but to anger of any description it is dangerous to yield, and therefore to all we say, "Check your Anger." Pause before you put into execution the deeds which it prompts. Reflection is often a sure antidote for that poison of the heart. The wisdom of the wise men who govern nations concurs in acknowledging the benefits of deliberation, even when the honor, liberty and existence of nations is involved: hence the coldness and courtesy and tedium of negotiations between Powers, who, though they hotly hate each other, still strive to maintain the ascendancy of reason over passion.

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ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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OUR OWN RESOURCES.

If there is one thing more than another which the government and people of a country owe to that country and to themselves, it is the cultivation and development of their own native resources, of whatever kind, and the nurture by every possible means of their own industry and skill. No nation can progress in the largest manner, or be truly independent, that fails to follow this dictate of all sound social and political economy. Indeed, this appears to us the only firm basis of nationality—the only rule by which a people can avoid being swallowed up and lost, in so far as distinctive character is concerned. The greatest nations of antiquity, and the most powerful and influential of modern states, have alike found their invincibility in proportion to their self-development and reliance on their own resources.

Since the foundation of the world, there was never a nation endowed with grander means of self-sustainment than our own. With a matchless surface of earth, both in extent and variety; with a climate embracing the whole temperate, and the better portions of the other zones; with mineral wealth inexhaustible; with fields yielding almost *spontaneously every desirable product of the globe*; with a sea-coast and inland waters unrivaled, giving us the foremost track of commerce; with a government the most satisfying, and institutions the most favorable and imposing; and to crown all and set all these vast agencies of national growth in motion, a people of superlative inventive genius, untiring industry, and peerless aptitude for adventure and conquest—in whatever field. It would seem, looking over the map and history of our Republic, as though God had designed it for the crown of civilization, enlightenment, and national greatness—as though, being the latest born, it was also to become the most memorable of empires.

Still, it is a most anomalous fact, that we Americans, proud and tenacious as we are of our inheritance, are behind all other leading peoples in the sustainment of our own industry, the encouragement of our own skill, and the development of our own resources. It is a truth, no less shameful than palpable, that our national proclivity is to ape foreign, monarchical peoples, and patronize foreign industry and skill. With countless materials, and ample population (much of it wanting labor) to develop them sufficiently, not only for the national use but for vast export, we are constantly in debt to the people of the old world. And even when we produce, though the thing be equal to or better than its foreign competitor, we disdain to patronize it unless it is palmed upon us under a foreign brand. And thus we have the national spectacle of our skill going a-begging, except that it will stoop to the degrading falsehood of a disguise. Our hats must wear a Paris label, our boots must be crimped by a "bottier" instead of a plain shoemaker, and our garments are clumsy and rude unless their fashioner has "taillieur" written on his sign. And this spirit, unfortunately, is a growing one. O for the Americanism of earlier times, when the elder Adams was proud, as President, to wear his suit of homespun to the national Capitol! When our young men and maidens did not esteem it vulgar to appear in aught but foreign toggery, or to be independent of foreign fashions and customs!

STAY AT HOME.

We are constantly in the receipt of letters from all parts of the country, from young men, and old men, and the middle-aged, who have been seized with the latest gold-fever, and wish to know the shortest, cheapest, and least dangerous route to Frazer River. To all such we say that the shortest road to this new and fabulous El-Dorado is long enough, and the safest is environed with hardships and dangers. The country is also unsettled and inhospitable; the rush of reckless and unprincipled men thither is enormous; and such scenes of suffering will be witnessed there during the coming winter as earth seldom affords. We therefore advise all our readers, who have any intention of going thither, to stay at home; or if they *will* go, to defer the enterprise till next spring.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

It is now assumed that the success of the greatest enterprise of the age is placed beyond a contingency, although to the cautious and conservative mind there is still room for painful apprehension that accidents of such magnitude may occur to the ocean cable, even after it is satisfactorily laid down and adjusted, as will render it of but little practical benefit. We hope for the best, however; and our faith in the science and mechanism of the age is great. New machinery will be rapidly evolved by the inventive genius of the age, for the overcoming of difficulties and the repairing of accidents; and we shall not be surprised, if, in a few years, it should be nearly as easy to mend a break in the Atlantic cable in mid-ocean, as it is now to remedy a defect in an ordinary line of telegraph.

THE GREAT OBJECT.

The great object of human life, to the calm observer, seems to be not so much the acquirement of happiness, which is said to be "our being's end and aim," as the compassing of fame or notoriety—the latter, temporarily at least, easily won, and the former of rare and difficult achievement. There is scarcely a person living who has not indulged the hope, the pleasing dream of outliving his or her mortal life, in the memory of the race. And to accomplish this result, what sad toils and mad antics have been performed, what energies misdirected, what strength wasted, what morality sacrificed, what virtue betrayed! From the top to the bottom of the ladder of renown, what a weary, impatient crowd has ever presented itself—mostly selfish, but with here and there a noble specimen of generosity.

To all but one in the million—or perhaps millions—how vain, how foolish has been the time-long struggle for distinction after death. What myriad lives, given and intended for the higher and nobler purpose of pure present enjoyment, have been fevered and fretted out in the strife for name, when to him who chanced to win it for a generation or an age, name was as idle as the idlest wind playing among the grasses over his grave. Of all who strive wildly, blindly and madly, how few reach the brief immortality of canvass and marble—how fewer the page of history! history, which is also perishable, since great nations of old lie prone in the dust, with all their proud names forgotten. And if Assyria and Babylon, and Egypt have left us but a dubious hieroglyph on some unmoldered brick or column, whereby to eke out their thousand years of empire and renown, what hope for us single mortals, trailing out our little worm-like destinies? Can we reasonably expect the busy ages to remember us? What did we do, and who were we, to be remembered? Ah, with but rare exception, we were vain fools. Fools because we failed to make the best practical use of a life we had, in a vain strife for impossible immortality.

Yet the goal of distinction—honorable, useful distinction—is worthy of all aspiration. But it is better to be distinguished for some good, of deed or character, in our day and generation, than to neglect and miss that possible thing, in the vain strife for a glimpse of future renown. Except great rogues and criminals, and men-killers called heroes, few have won lasting remembrance, unless they have done some work of lasting benefit to mankind. Just in proportion—as the rule—as we serve the world, shall we be desirably remembered. We can no more get a permanent niche in the Pantheon by any other process, than we can lift ourselves to Heaven by the seats of our nether garments.

OUR CITY ARCHITECTURE.

London is unrivaled in the number and elegance of her Club Houses, with their ample ground margins, and Paris in the *Cafes* that line her Boulevards; but we doubt if any capital or mart in the world can make a braver show of hotel, mansion, mercantile ware-house and banking-house edifices, than the city of New York. It is to be regretted by every lover of architectural beauty, that so many of our noble edifices are crowded upon narrow streets, without ground surroundings, and thus shorn of the effectiveness which space alone can give to the proportions and ornaments of architecture. In Philadelphia, much more regard is had for the proper display of public edifices. The ornamentation of the city is studied as well as the business uses of its structures.

We wish this taste were more prevailing here, but our building spirit, while emulous of the ages when Venice, and Genoa, and Florence, were lavishly decorated with palaces and temples, at the public cost, is only emulous to pile the structure as broad and high, and ornament it as elaborately, without much regard for the location and space on which its external beauty must depend. Compare the Lee marble edifice on Chestnut street, Philadelphia, with any marble or other structure in our city, and in appearance the superiority of the former must be conceded, while in fact, it is not superior in design, proportion or ornament. Its superiority results from its location, which permits it to be viewed with advantage. It is not "cribbed, cabined and confined," like many of our finest architectural piles.

There have been within three or four years completed some marble stores in Pine street, hardly noticeable in that thoroughfare, and yet as stately and costly as anything of the kind in all the world. But it were idle to particularize where a fault is general. Viewing the gradual rise of a number of magnificent banking-houses we have been assured by our own, as well as by the observation of others, that our city excels especially in that range of architecture—indeed, she has no compeer. This reflection has gratified us, for the reason that it suggested a love for the grand and beautiful, even among that class who are generally supposed to be absorbed in money-trade and money considerations. It is pleasant to know that, even while bending over their coffers, our bankers and capitalists do not forget that there is a beautiful world without, canopied by azure skies and fanned by fresh winds, and that the eye of man, hemmed in by city walls, craves as some compensation that those walls shall be tasteful and beautiful.

THE MORMONS' WIVES.

This singular people have returned to Salt Lake City, and set about rendering the country too uncomfortable for the gentiles, soldiers included, who had taken up their residence in and about the Mormon capital. The chief source of anxiety to the "faithful" is centered in their wives. Do what they will, the elders and prophets cannot keep feminine eyes from casting admiring looks upon the young and gallant new-comers. Consequently, the ladies are shut up, and forbidden to hold converse with the "gentile dogs." Such treatment would of course exasperate women in any part of the world; and what can a man do with forty exasperated wives? Let him who has found *one* too much for him, answer—if he can. There will ere long be a female rebellion in Utah, or else the women of that country are made of different stuff from their sisters hereabouts.

GOOD CHANCES STILL LEFT.

It is the fashion for the lazy young men of the present day to excuse their idleness by the plea that "there is no longer any chance left for distinction." This is not so. On the contrary, there never has been a time in the world's history when such chances for distinction have been open to the quick eye, the ready hand, and the stout heart. As proof of this witness, the distinction achieved by Sir Joseph Paxton, (architect of the Crystal Palace,) by Lieut. Maury, and by Dr. Kane, to say nothing of the crowning glories won by the originators and executors of that stupendous enterprise—the establishment of the Atlantic Telegraph. There *are* good chances for distinction still left.

FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

BLACKWELL'S ISLAND.

NUMBER III.

You can step aside, Mrs. Grundy; what I am about to write is not for your over-fastidious ear. *You*, who take by the hand the polished roue, and welcome him with a sweet smile to the parlor where sit your young, trusting daughters; you, who "have no business with his private life, so long as his manners are gentlemanly;" you who, while saying this, turn away with bitter, unwomanly words from his penitent, writhing victim. I ask no leave of *you* to speak of the wretched girls picked out of the gutters of New York streets, to inhabit those cells at Blackwell's Island. I speak not to *you* of what was tugging at my heartstrings as I saw them, that beautiful summer afternoon, file in, two by two, to their meals, followed by a man carrying a cowhide in his hand, by way of reminder; all this would not interest you; but when you tell me that these women are not to be named to ears polite, that our sons and our daughters should grow up ignorant of their existence, I stop my ears. As if they could, or did! As if they can take a step in the public streets without being jostled or addressed by them, or pained by their passing ribaldry; as if they could return from a party or concert at night, without meeting droves of them; as if they could, even in broad daylight, sit down to an ice-cream without having one for a vis-a-vis. As if they could ride in a car or omnibus, or cross in a ferry-boat, or go to a watering-place, without being unmistakably confronted by them. No, Mrs. Grundy; you know all this as well as I do. You would push them "anywhere out of the world," as unfit to live, as unfit to die; *they*, the weaker party, while their partners in sin, for whom you claim greater mental superiority, and who, by your own finding, should be much better able to learn and *to teach* the lesson of self-control—to them you extend perfect absolution. Most consistent Mrs. Grundy, get out of my way while I say what I was going to, without fear or favor of yours.

If I believed, as legislators, and others with whom I have talked on this subject, pretend to believe, they best know why, that God ever made one of those girls for the life they lead, for this in plain Saxon is what their talk amounts to, I should curse Him. If I could temporise as they do about it, as "a necessary evil," and "always has been, and always will be," and (then add this beautiful tribute to manhood) "that pure women would not be safe were it not so"—and all the other budget of excuses which this sin makes to cover its deformity—I would forswear my manhood.

You say their intellects are small, they are mere animals, naturally coarse and groveling. Answer me this—are they, or are they not *immortal?* Decide the question whether *this* life is to be *all* to them. Decide before you shoulder the responsibility of such a girl's future. Granted she has only *this* life. God knows how much misery may be crowded into that. But you say, "Bless your soul, why do you talk to *me?* I have nothing to do with it; I am as virtuous as St. Paul." St. Paul was a bachelor, and of course is not my favorite apostle; but waiving that, I answer, you *have* something to do with it when you talk thus, and throw your influence on the wrong side. No matter how outwardly correct your past life may have been, if you *really believe* what you say, I would not give a fig for your virtue if temptation and opportunity favored; and if you talk so for talk's sake, and do not believe it, you had better "tarry at Jericho till your beard be grown."

But you say to me, "Oh, you don't know anything about it; men are differently constituted from women; woman's sphere is home." That don't suspend the laws of her being. That don't make it that she don't need sympathy and appreciation. That don't make it that she is never weary and needs amusement to restore her. Fudge. I believe in no difference that makes this distinction. Women lead, most of them, lives of unbroken monotony, and have much more need of exhilarating influences than men, whose life is out of doors in the breathing, active world. Don't tell me of shoemakers at their lasts, and tailors at their needles. Do either ever have to lay down their customers' coats and shoes fifty times a day, and wonder when the day is over why their work is *not* done, though they have struggled through fire and water to finish it? Do not both tailor and shoemaker have at least the variation of a walk to or from the shop to their meals? Do not their customers talk their beloved politics to them while they stitch, and do not their "confreres" run for a bottle of ale and crack merry jokes with them as their work progresses? Sirs! if monotony is to be avoided in man's life as injurious; if "variety' and exhilaration must always be the spice to his pursuits, how much more must it be necessary to a sensitively organized woman? If home is not sufficient, (and I will persist that any *industrious, virtuous, unambitious* man, may have a home if he chooses); if home is not sufficient for him, why should it suffice for her? whose work is never done—who can have literally *no* such thing as system, (and here's where a mother's discouragement comes in), while her babes are in their infancy; who often says to herself at night, though she would not for worlds part with one of them—"I can't tell what I have accomplished to-day, and yet I have not been idle a minute;" and day after day passes on in this way, and perhaps for weeks she does not pass the threshold for a breath of air, and yet men talk of "monotony!" and being "differently constituted," and needing amusement and exhilaration; and "business" is the broad mantle which it is not always safe for a wife to lift. I have no faith in putting women in a pound, that men may trample down the clover in a forty-acre lot. But enough for that transparent excuse.

The great Law-giver made no distinction of sex, as far as I can find out, when he promulgated the seventh commandment, nor should we. You tell me "society makes a difference;" more shame to it—more shame to the women who help to perpetuate it. You tell me that infidelity on the wife's part involves an unjust claim upon the husband and provider; and I ask you, on the other hand, if a good and virtuous wife has not a right to expect *healthy* children?

Let both be equally pure; let every man look upon every woman, whatsoever her rank or condition, as a sister whom his manhood is bound to protect, even, if need be, against herself, and let every woman turn the cold shoulder to any man of her acquaintance, how polished soever he may be, who would degrade her sex. Then this vexed question would be settled; there would be no such libels upon womanhood as I saw at Blackwell's Island, driven in droves to their cells. No more human traffic in those gilded palaces, which our children must not hear mentioned, forsooth! though their very fathers may help to support them, and which our tender-hearted legislators "can't see their way clear about." Then our beautiful rivers would no longer toss upon our island shores the "dead bodies of unfortunate young females."

FANNY FERN.

PRIDE

A just pride is one of the most beautiful manifestations of human character—a disposition to be cultivated and encouraged at every age and in every condition. Pride in the maintenance of a spotless character and pure life—pride in the performance of noble and generous actions—pride in doing the best we can and emulating the virtues of those who transcend us—pride in all things that tend to elevate the mind and heart, and that, however the vulgar and vicious may regard us, ensure to us more and more of the esteem of the virtuous. Fortified by such pride, we can in the midst of poverty and trial, maintain the dignity of manhood, and rise by force of self-respect superior to every misfortune. For after all the homage paid to external pomp and possession, it is the man—the true man—that counts in the great battle of life, and on the pages of history. What has not such a man accomplished, in spite of so called advantages and fortune—in spite of obscure birth, ignoble caste, and perhaps still worse inherited embarrassments.

Look over the record of those who have made our humanity illustrious, and see how few were born and nurtured in the lap of worldly, sensual pride. The pioneers, the leaders, the saviors of our race have been chiefly of the humblest origin, so far as temporal surroundings were concerned. To the brave soul, proud of its manhood and of continuence in lofty aspirings, all conquest is possible and easy, and in the march to higher goals it gathers, without effort, the baser spoils of fortune and renown.

But there is a pride as mean, contemptible and debasing, as its counterpart is elevating and noble. It is pride of birth, without personal merit to back it—pride of wealth, acquired or inherited, without virtue or generosity in its use—pride of dress and equipage, which knaves and fools, and felons even may compass. Indeed, the lower the quality of pride, the more offensive and ostentatious its exhibitions. Those are often the proudest, in the common acceptance of the term, who have the least to be proud of. Vain, shallow minds, characterless characters, spreading their gaudy plumes to the gaze of witlings, and winning after all only sneers and contempt. How true the lines of the "peasant poet," Burns—

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the *gold* for all that."

False pride can never secure the esteem, nor the respect, of those who surround us. We may delude ourselves with the idea that we are making a grand impression on society by its displays, but in the end we shall find that we were only laughed at, and set down as shallow masquers and conceited fools.

THINGS TO BE NOTED.

The query of Jeffries, in "Blackwood" a few years ago—"Who reads an American book?" has been answered by the British reprint of some eight hundred different American works, within the past twenty years—part of them acknowledged as American by the reprinters, but many of them pirated and palmed off as English. The Continent has been proportionately patronizing of our young literature. It is but three or four years since one of our shipwrights turned out a yacht that beat all foreign competitors—while our yards have been preferred by Russia and other nations desiring ships built abroad. It is but a few years since our Hoe gave to the world the noblest printing-press, and our Morse the Electric Telegraph—for which a council of European powers have recently rewarded him with a present of eighty thousand dollars.

That our Maury has mapped the currents of the sea and defined the courses of the trade-winds, in a manner unrivaled, is universally acknowledged. That our Kane voyaged farther on a world-renowned errand of mercy, and that our Grinnell gave for this errand with a liberality as voluntary as unparalleled, are matters of history. That we have fed Europe without charge in times of famine, is on record. That we flogged the British in two wars, and have flogged whoever has sought a quarrel with us, are facts patent. That our mowing, reaping and threshing machines, and our labor-saving machines generally, are models for the world, is beyond dispute.

And more particularly, that in spite of neglect on the part of the American public, our factories produce superior mechanic and agricultural tools and builders' hardware, and that the article of American gimlet-pointed screws, largely turned out by the good city of Providence, has driven the long-time triumphant English article clean out of our markets, is known to all the observing. It is none the less a fact, that of our entire native population, in proportion to numbers, we have over thirty per cent. fewer persons unable to read and write than any other country on earth. We might extend the list to columns and volumes, but not wishing to appear egotistical on the national account, we stop with this brief summary of encouraging American "things to be noted."

HOW THE WORLD IS AMUSED.

Were it possible for the mind to seize at a single view the occupations of all the inhabitants of the globe, it would be somewhat curious to behold the numbers that at any given point of time, are busily and solely employed in raising their animal spirits to the agreeable point of elevation, and to compare the various artifices adopted for this purpose. Of the eight hundred millions, the computed number of the whole, we should have so many millions smoking; so many carousing; so many millions or thousands throwing off drams; so many sipping coffee; so many masticating opium, and other exhilarating extracts; so many dancing, singing, hunting, or gambling, all to keep off the blues. Some must have mimic scenes of bloodshed on the stage; some must see men kill one another in earnest; for others a mortal cock-fight is a sufficient stimulant. Some keep the vapors at bay by talking politics, others by talking scandal, millions by talking of themselves. Some droop if the world neglects to praise them, and of these, some prefer a full draught of adulation at stated intervals, while others, among whom are authors, actors, crowned heads, and handsome ladies, must be tippling it from morning till night. Some take to the excitement of hot suppers; others to ghost stories; others to authentic accounts of earthquakes, murders, and conflagrations. But it were endless to proceed; money-making, money spending; fanatical devotion; auto-de-fes; Indian torturing of prisoners; sight-seeing; last new novels; in a word, many of men's occupations and most of their amusements—what are they but the several ways of attaining the same end: and happy they who have so regulated their passions as to require no other stimulant than the last number of the LEDGER to keep their minds in good humor with the world and themselves.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

INTEMPERATE exaggeration *diminishes* by *addition*, as the word *small* is made *smaller* by adding two letters to it. When a man asserts too much, whether in the shape of praise or censure, we take our revenge by falling into an opposite error and believing too little. The same effect is often produced by that confusion of ideas or terms which is designated a bull. An English radical, inveighing against the capacity of the clergy, gave as his decided opinion, that, if they had their own way, they would raise the tithes from a *tenth* to a *twentieth*.

No two things differ more than hurry and despatch. Hurry is the mark of a weak mind, despatch of a strong one. A weak man in office, like a squirrel in a cage, is laboring eternally, but to no purpose—is in constant motion without getting on a jot; he is in everybody's way but stops nobody; he talks a great deal but says very little; looks into everything but sees into nothing; and has a hundred irons in the fire, yet few of them are hot, and with those few he only burns his fingers.

WHEN persons gravely affirm that they have made up their minds to forego this or that improper enjoyment, it often seems a pity they cannot make up their *bodies* as well. Falstaff would have been as abstemious at the banquet as a hermit, and as firm in the battle as a hero, if he could have but gained over the consent of his stomach in the one case and of his legs in the other.

"I HAVE good reason," exclaimed an enraged author, who had been lampooned in a review, "to believe that M—— has given me this stab in the dark." "Make your mind perfectly easy," said his friend, "for M—— is the last man to give you a stab in the dark; first because he always held you in *light* estimation, and secondly because he is a fellow that *wouldn't stick at anything.*"

LIFE has been likened a thousand times to a well-worn thoroughfare, beaten into dust by the tread of feet, and bearing the imprint of everything in turn. The sun shines broad upon it, like a great unwinking eye; the wayside inns are many, but the homes are few

WHEN you look for a dew drop in the grass by night, you find it only by the miniature of the star that shines in it. Now almost every man's past is like a drop of dew; he never sees it at all, unless it is a locket for an atom of Heaven.

WE are ruined not by what we really want but by what we think we do; therefore, never go abroad in search of your wants;—if they are real ones, they will come home in search of you. He that buys what he does not want will soon want what he cannot buy.

"ARE you a skilful mechanic?" "Yes, sir." "What can you make?" "Oh, almost anything in my line." "Can you make a devil?" "Certainly—just put up your foot and I will split it in three seconds. I never saw a chap in my life that required less alteration."

MANY designing men, by asking small favors and evincing great gratitude, have eventually obtained the most important ones. We are strongly inclined to continue to oblige those whom we have begun to oblige, and to injure those we have begun to injure.

A MAN in Wisconsin, charged with an infamous crime, was caught a few days ago by his neighbors, who cut off both his ears close to his head That fellow has *short crops* this season.

"SIR," said a young wife to her husband, a few days after marriage, "you were honest enough to tell me that your chimney smoked, but why didn't you tell me that you smoked yourself?"

WE know a modest tailor who institutes more *suits* than any half dozen lawyers of our acquaintance. And his suits cover nakedness, while theirs expose it.

"WHAT do you think of bub?" said a doting mother, presenting her bad brat to a friend. "I think he's a silly-bub, and ought to be a whipped silly-bub."

WE sleep, but the loom of life never stops; and the pattern which was weaving when the sun went down is weaving when it comes up to-morrow.

"JIM, I know of a new fashioned mackintosh to keep out the wet." "What is it, Jack?" "Why, eat a red herring for breakfast, and you will be dry all day."

"WHY do you swing the scythe, Frank? *I* get *my* living by my wits." "Well, Bill, you can work with duller tools than I can."

ALAS! what a place earth would be if the many-colored creeds of this world did not, by Almighty goodness, make the white light of the world to come.

WE have seldom seen a keener toast to the ladies on the fourth of July than this: Our stars before marriage, our stripes after.

A DAY or two ago, the managers of a sailboat on the Ohio river threw out all her ballast. She was consequently upset—destroyed by *lightening*.

AS a general rule, self-interest is the mainspring of our actions, and utility the test of their value.

"CAN'T we make your lover jealous, Miss?" "Oh, yes sir, I think we can, if we *put our heads together.*"

"How do my customers like the milk I sell them?" "Oh, they all think it of 'the first water.'"

IF a young lady is not able to sport a riding habit, she should adopt a walking habit.

SELF-DEFENCE is the clearest of all laws, and for the reason that lawyers didn't make it.

CURRENT ITEMS.

THE Canadian child, that has two bodies, three arms and four legs, is now on exhibition in Quebec, and excites much attention and speculation. It is said to be about six weeks old, and perfectly healthy. Eminent physicians who have examined it, say it has as good a chance for a long life as any child of its age could have.

IT is said that an egg was recently found in Lawrence county, Pa., imbedded in gravel, thirty feet below the surface of the ground, and in a state of perfect preservation. It is said that the singular discovery has caused much discussion, but that nobody can solve the mystery. We think the chap that placed the egg there could solve it.

A MAN named Munroe, aged fifty-four, and his wife, aged seventy years, recently committed suicide by taking laudanum, and then closing their bedroom as tightly as possible and igniting a pan of charcoal. The reason assigned for the act was that they did not wish to live any longer and wanted to die together.

THERE is a goose in the town of Barley Sheaf, Ohio, which is eighty-three years old. It is a survivor of the Revolution, three of its sisters having been sacrificed to celebrate the "great peace." The present owner of the goose, Mr. Schomp, has had it in his possession for fifty years.

A DETECTIVE officer, from Chicago, fell asleep while recently traveling over the Alton railroad with a prisoner, and the latter, after helping himself to the contents of his captor's pockets, leaped off the car as it was going slowly round a curve, and disappeared.

A MINNESOTA paper, in speaking of the paper currency of that State, says: "It may be proper to add that a bushel of notes, at the place of issue, are traded for an iron spoon, but gradually lose their value as they circulate towards remote districts."

AN accomplished and beautiful young English lady—Miss E. Southall—recently fell in love with, and married, a noted Spanish bull-fighter at Madrid. On being asked what she could see in him to admire, she replied, "His legs and his courage!"

A YOUNG man named McMellon, while swinging some ladies in a ponderous swing, at Falconwood, near Buffalo, fell underneath the swing at the point where it comes nearest the earth, and was so terribly crushed that his life is despaired of.

THE receipts at the New York Custom House, recently, in one day reached the enormous sum of two hundred and sixty thousand dollars. That looks as though the importing business is fast coming up to the old standard.

IT seems that the effects of the great panic are now at the worst in Paris. There have been three hundred and sixteen more heavy failures in that city during the last twelve months than in any other year.

A FAMOUS dancing elephant was recently bought in Calcutta, by an English speculator, for the enormous sum of £12,000—about sixty thousand dollars.

THE last news from Utah brings the astounding intelligence that Brigham Young has eighty-five children. That is too many by eighty.

A LOCOMOTIVE engine on the Alexandria railroad became unmanageable the other day, and running through the depot, brought up in a restaurant.

AN eel was recently caught near Holyoke, Mass., in which was found a gold ring worth four or five dollars.

NATURE'S LESSON.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

"Mountains, whereon grow roses and lilies, whereby I will fill thy children with joy."—EDRAS.

When thou walkest in the fields,
Father! with thy listening son,
Point him where the mountain's head
Hath its towering grandeur won;—

Where the lofty groves aspire,
Where the solemn forests nod,
And upon their living arch
Raise his plastic mind to God.

When thou walkest by the way,
Mother! with thy little one,
Where the sweet, wild roses grow,
Where the uncultured lilies run,

Show her how their colors grow,
How their baby-blossoms start,
Till their fragrance and their bloom
Touch the rapture of her heart;

Tell her then, that He who spread
All these bounties in His love,
Seeks his children thus to train
For a higher bliss above.

Hartford, Conn, July 8th, 1858.

RICHARD HOFFMAN;

OR,

THE PEASANT AND THE NOBLEMAN.

A TALE OF LOVE AND RETRIBUTION.

CHAPTER LXXVI.—CONTINUED.

It was some time after Mark had concluded his narrative before his hearers, who had listened with breathless attention, could find words to express their admiration of his fidelity and endurance.

Richard was the first to speak.

"You have acted nobly, Mark," he said; "and whatever your past errors, your present conduct has redeemed them. Rose may well be proud of her husband. I no longer wonder at her enduring confidence and love: but tell me," he added, "and candidly, for I have a heart nerved to hear the worst of evils, rather than suspense, what think you are the chances that Sir Charles and his gallant band have been enabled to hold out?"

"I regard it as certain," replied the messenger, "against any force unprovided with artillery, and even then the struggle would be a desperate one; not a man in the 01st but would sell his life dearly."

"There is no fear of a surrender, then," said the lieutenant.

"You forget, sir, there are women with them," answered the disguised trooper, gloomily.

"Right!" exclaimed the soldier, "the question was a needless one; how far is the temple from this place?"

"For troops about ten day's march."

"We can accomplish it in three," observed Richard, eagerly. "Counselor—guardian—friend, let us not lose an instant. Heart and brain are both on fire till I know whether I have a hope to defend or a life to throw away like some worthless thing."

A consultation was held as to the best means of providing Mark, whom it would have been cruelty to have abandoned, with a horse.

"Leave that to me," exclaimed Jack Manders, in a tone of confidence. "You remember the house where we purchased rice and fowls this morning?"

Both his companions recollected it.

"Well," continued the speaker, "the owner of it has a powerful, vicious-looking brute—something like the one the major used to ride in Calcutta. I noticed it tethered in the field. It is not more than an hour's ride from here; wait, and I'll undertake to bring it back with me."

His companions insisted on accompanying him—the more especially as Mark, who knew the country, informed them that, by retracing their path a few miles, they might avoid several large villages whose inhabitants had joined the rebels, and at the same time shorten their journey by a day.

They had not proceeded far when a sudden turn in the jungle brought them within pistol-shot of the owner of the animal they were in search of. The fellow was mounted on its back, and had evidently been following their track; with what intentions might easily be guessed, for he was armed to the teeth.

At the sight of the three friends, he would have turned bridle and fled, but more than one rifle covered him.

"Are ye robbers?" he demanded, trying to conceal his fear.

"Have we not paid you for the food we bought?" replied the lieutenant; "robbers are not generally so honest."

"We require your horse," added our hero, impetuously; "name the sum at which you estimate him, and it shall be counted down to you."

"I won't sell him." answered the Hindoo, sullenly.

"By heavens!" exclaimed Mark Rayner—who had approached nearer to the horseman than his companions—"but it belongs to the 01st. I can swear to him, even at this distance."

This exclamation, which was incoherently uttered in English, at once confirmed the suspicions of the Indian, who, leveling a pistol at the speaker, shot him in the left arm; fortunately the wound proved only to be a flesh one, and was speedily avenged. A ball from Jack's revolver settling not only the first account, but the question of the ownership of the horse, which the marksman caught by the bridle as its rider fell from it.

Richard and the lieutenant dismounted, and bound up Mark's arm with their handkerchiefs.

"It is nothing," said the wounded man, smiling cheerfully. "An hour since I felt as if I could give up life without a struggle; to defend it now," he added, "I feel once more that I have something to live for."

Arming himself with the weapons of the dead man, the speaker leaped into the vacant saddle, and the party resumed their journey anxiously but hopefully, for Providence seemed to be watching over them. As they proceeded on their way more than one mental prayer was offered up for the safety of the helpless women whose fate hung trembling in the balance.

Little did the lover dream that the object of his affections was at that moment the captive of a licentious ruffian, exposed to a peril in comparison to which death would have been mercy—a peril the very thought of which might blanch the cheek of maiden modesty, and cause indignant virtue to quench her blushes in tears.

It is now time that we return to the cell in which Lillian was confined, awaiting the return of her persecutor.

Here we may be permitted to remark how simple, yet inscrutable, are the means by which the All-directing Power, which holds the universe in its span, controls the strong will and actions of humanity, working all things to its own end. An insect passing from one district to another, may bear contagion and death upon its wings, and the inhaling of a flower produce madness.

When Al Moorad entered the cell at the expiration of the hour he had granted his victim for reflection, he found her suffering from one of those pestilential fevers whose ravages in a few hours break the spell of beauty, and reduce the sufferer to the brink of the grave.

Lillian appeared perfectly conscious of the fatal malady which had seized her, and saw him approach without fear—almost without a shudder; for the wing of the angel of death hovered over her, and its shadow was a protection.

"My prayer has been heard," she said; "and He in whom I trusted has displayed his power."

"What mean you?" he demanded.

"Approach and read an answer in the fever that consumes me," replied the fair girl, tottering from her couch until she stood directly under the light of the brazen lamp, which partially illumined her prison. "Aye, gaze upon me," she added; "contemplate your work. Approach—I fear you not, for my touch is death. Affection would fly from me—how much more lawless passion!"

"At least I shall have the consolation of knowing," muttered the disappointed Hindoo, "that thou hast never been another's, that the hated Tyrrell——"

On hearing the name of her lover, the suffering girl uttered a shriek so loud and piercing that it echoed through the vaulted passages. Reason, which till that moment had maintained its balance, gave way, and she uttered wild and incoherent ravings.

"I am death's bride!" she exclaimed. "No living bridegroom may clasp me. Come and receive the kiss of immortality from my burning lips—came, let me lead thee to the grave—peace, peace is there."

Terrified at the approach of his victim, the banker retreated towards the door of the cell. Lillian followed him with a scornful and triumphant laugh, for, even in her madness, she marked his terror.

SUMMARY SETTLEMENT OF A SLIGHT DIFFICULTY.

"My tomb will avenge me," she added; "it shall send forth pestilence and desolation. Only think, the hunter caught in his own snare."

Unable longer to endure the horror of the scene, Al Moorad rushed from the prison, and sought the apartment of Nadir. It was some time before he could make the old man understand the cause of his terror.

"It is the will of the goddess," he observed, "and must be submitted to. I cannot vanquish death."

"Father," said his confederate, passionately, "thou knowest how devotedly I love this girl—how I have risked wealth, station, life to obtain her. To see her snatched from me just as the prize was within my reach, is more than I can bear. Out of thy wisdom—and thou hast many secrets—find me the means to save her."

The Brahmin remained impassable, and made no answer to his appeal.

"Save her," repeated the speaker, "and half my wealth shall pay the ransom of her life."

The old man cleverly repeated the word "half."

"All, then—take all! Leave me a beggar if thou wilt; I can welcome poverty, if Lillian share it with me."

"I must first see the Christian girl," observed the priest. "If the fever proves not too far advanced, my knowledge may do much. But there is a stage," he added, "beyond which all remedies are useless."

Rising from his seat, Nadir accompanied Al Moorad back to the cell where he had left Lillian. They found her senseless upon the pallet to which she had staggered back.

"Raise her," said the Brahmin.

His companion hesitated; the love of life was stronger even than his passions, and yet he was their slave.

"And yet you love," continued the old man, in an ironical tone.

Without the slightest symptom of hesitation or fear the speaker placed his fingers upon the pulse of Lillian, and counted its beatings, then raised the lids of her half-closed eyes, and examined them anxiously.

"Speak! is there hope?" demanded the banker.

"There is; but so frail, the slightest breath, the gossamer's weight would break it. You must avoid her presence; should reason return, and the girl recognize you, the wisdom of the East would not save her."

His confederate eyed him suspiciously.

"As you please," said the Brahmin, preparing to depart. "I speak not twice."

"Forgive me. I will be obedient—follow like a child thy slightest behests; it was a momentary hesitation."

"Say rather a suspicion," replied the priest, who, with his usual cunning, had easily divined what was passing in his mind; "but I forgive thee; follow me."

"Where to?"

"The cell of Kehoda. When the maiden wakes from the deep slumber into which the draught I am about to prepare will cast her, the first voice which falls upon her ear must be a friendly one; the first features that meet her gaze, those she has been accustomed to, or madness may be the consequence."

"Should the girl refuse to attend upon her former mistress?" observed the banker, anxiously, for he was aware of her mad passion for our hero.

"She dares not. Life is sweet," was the reply.

"I thought she was condemned?"

"I have the power of pardon," answered the priest, at the same time touching the mystic cord which hung from his shoulder.

"Will she trust your promise?"

"Kehoda knows that the word of Nadir is inviolable."

By this time the speaker had reached the prison of the Nautch girl, whom on throwing open the door, they discovered sitting listlessly upon the ground, clad in a saffron-colored dress—the badge of the condemned. All fire and animation had vanished from her features. It was evident that she had endured not only mental, but great bodily suffering.

As the visitor entered, the Brahmin made the peculiar sign which imposes the most absolute silence upon the votaries of Mariatele.

"Listen to me," he said.

The prisoner raised her eyes.

"Thou hast been condemned by the laws of the temple, not for violating the vow of obedience, but seeking to violate. Had the former been the case, not even my power could have interposed between thee and the awful doom our laws pronounce; as it is, the presence of the chief Brahim brings mercy."

At the word "mercy" Kehoda looked up into his face doubtfully.

"On certain conditions," he added.

This time she believed him.

"The English infidels are within the walls of the upper temple," continued the old man; "but we have one of their accursed race a prisoner in our hands."

On hearing that there was an English prisoner, the Nautch girl all but broke the silence which the sign, given by the speaker when he first entered the cell, had imposed. Doubtless, she suspected that it was Richard. The Brahmin, who read her thoughts, quickly undeceived her.

"Your former mistress," he said, "whom Al Moorad loves. The deadly fire burns in her veins, and threatens the seat of life. Wilt thou undertake to tend upon her?"

Kehoda nodded her head.

"Watch her hour by hour, and minute by minute, and carry out my instructions to the letter?"

Again the prisoner made the same sign of assent.

"In that case thy forfeit life shall be spared," said the old man, "and thy past crime forgiven. I remove the seal of silence from thy lips; again it is permitted thee to speak."

The first use Kehoda made of the privilege thus unexpectedly restored to her, was to fall at the feet of the chief Brahmin and pour forth a flood of thanks, mingled with vows of fidelity for the future.

"As time proves thee," said her judge, totally unmoved by the vehemence of her protestations, "so will it reward thee."

Calling to his attendants, a crowd of whom filled the passage, he directed them to remove the chain which held the prisoner to the stone column in the center of her cell, permitting her only sufficient space to circulate around it; his commands were instantly obeyed.

"Now follow me," he said; "I will conduct thee to thy charge."

An hour afterwards Kehoda was installed in the cell of Lillian, whom she watched over with a devotion and tenderness great as the truest affection could have inspired; and yet it was not love, but fear, which urged her, at each fresh cry, to bathe her burning brow, and soothe her ravings with endearing words. She knew that every movement she made was watched—that unseen eyes were upon her.

Meanwhile Hirim, the groom, was not an idle spectator of what was passing within the temple. Since he had mingled with the priests, and witnessed the illustration their lives afforded of their morals, the boy had lost all the superstitious reverence with which he once regarded them. His residence became hateful to him, and he determined to seize the first opportunity to escape.

It was necessary, however, to be cautious.

For some time he was aware that the chief Brahmin found some secret means of quitting the subterraneous temple. This he resolved to discover; but the proceeding required caution, for his life would be the certain forfeit should he be discovered.

The attempts of the poor boy were for a long time fruitless. At last it struck him that the mystery was in some manner connected with a cell reputed to be of great sanctity, into which Nadir regularly retired after the evening prayer, for the purpose of meditation; whilst there the severest orders were given that no one should venture to disturb him.

"I can but risk it," thought the boy. "Life is not worth much held in the will of a task-master."

Armed by this reasoning, he resolved, after watching the old man to his retreat, to follow him. The place proved empty. Evidently, the secret egress must be from this spot,—a careful examination of which enabled him to discover that the seat of the cell was movable. Satisfied with his first success, the intruder withdrew.

CHAPTER LXXVII.

THE SYCEE AT WORK.

We trust that our readers have not forgotten the sailor-boy Caleb, who for several weeks had been a close prisoner in the hands of the chief Brahmin. The hoary bigot had more than once announced his horrible intention of offering him a sacrifice to the goddess Mariatele. Great as had been the poor lad's bodily sufferings whilst on board the Caradoc, they were trivial in comparison with the mental ones he endured week after week in his solitary cell anticipating the fate that awaited him; for Nadir, with a refinement of cruelty, had informed him of the purpose for which he was reserved.

At times, the terror of the lone captive drove him to the very verge of madness; and he doubted the justice of that Providence whose ways are vailed in clouds impenetrable to human gaze. In his calmer moments he prayed and gathered strength from that source where in affliction or danger true courage only may be found.

At first, he had relied on the endeavor which he doubted not our hero and Jack would make to discover the place of his confinement. But as time rolled on, the hope gradually became fainter and fainter, till despair, then apathy, and lastly, a better feeling—resignation, supplied their place.

"I can but die," he thought, "and whether my bones rest in this cursed den, in ocean's depths, or repose in the village churchyard where my father's lie, my soul will rise and confront my murderers before the judgment-seat."

Gradually the poor fellow brought himself to contemplate his fate with calmness—to calculate the duration of the sufferings he would have to endure before death released him from the hands of his pagan persecutors.

One night, long after the steps of the Brahmins and servitors of the temple had ceased to echo through the vaulted passages, as the prisoner lay awake, meditating these bitter fancies, he heard the chain cautiously removed from the door of his cell. He listened in breathless agitation: all again was silent, save the pulsations of his heart, beating like a bird against the bars of its cage; whilst darkness, impenetrable darkness, added to his terror.

After a long seclusion from light and liberty, it is extraordinary how acute the sense of hearing becomes, and sounds that are lost or disregarded amid the hum of busy life, strike on the ear with painful distinctness.

Presently, the door was partially rolled aside, and a suppressed breathing like the smothered hiss of a serpent, or some creeping thing, came stealing along the floor. Caleb had heard of the artful means by which the Brahmins destroy those they hate: he remembered the narrow escape of Richard from the fangs of the deadly cobra, and doubted not but he himself was about to be made the victim of some such hideous death.

Just as the long suppressed shriek of agony and terror was on the point of breaking from his lips, he heard his name pronounced; and the sigh of relief that escaped him indicated to the intruder, whoever he might be, the exact spot in the dungeon to which he was chained.

"Hush!" whispered the same voice.

"Who are you?"

"A friend."

How the heart of the poor captive bounded at the word, but this time it was with joy.

"Hirim," added the speaker, creeping still closer towards him.

Caleb remembered the name of the sycee, with whom he and Jack had been on the most friendly terms, and the love of life, the hope of liberty returned.

"Hush!" repeated his visitor, in the same low, cautious tone, "do not speak till I am near to you."

In a few seconds Caleb felt the pressure of the speaker's hand upon his arm, and eagerly returned the friendly grasp. It is impossible to describe the feelings of the youth at finding himself once more the object of human sympathy. The touch, like an electric shock, vibrated through his emaciated frame, stringing his nerves with new-born energy.

"I have risked my life to seek you," said the boy; "but I could not bear the thought of escaping alone, and leaving you to the horrible fate the Brahmins reserve you for. Oh, that I had known them sooner," he added, in an accent of self-reproach—"oh, that I had known them sooner!"

At the word "escape," the blood rushed to the heart of his former companion, and he clasped the speaker convulsively.

"Are you chained?" whispered the speaker.

"Yes."

"Is your chain a strong one? do not speak, let me feel it."

Caleb silently guided the hand of Hirim to a large ring of bronze which encircled his waist.

"Is that the only one?"

"Yes."

"That is fortunate," answered the sycee. "I have brought a file with me; you must contrive to cut it through during the next two days: the third night from this I will come for you. I have discovered the means of leaving this fearful place. Be cautious: and when the priests arrive turn the part of the ring you have tampered with under your arm; they will not observe it then. Do you understand me?"

A silent, grateful pressure of the hand assured him that the captive did.

It can scarcely be said that the above directions were spoken—they were breathed rather—to the listener, whose ears eagerly drank in every word.

Despite the caution which, for both their sakes, it was necessary to observe, Caleb could not refrain from asking the cause of the shrieks he had heard from one of the adjoining cells, and why cannon had been fired. Great was his astonishment and joy when informed that a regiment of his countrymen were in possession of the upper temple.

It seemed almost impious to despair, and the 01st so near.

"But the shrieks, Hirim," he said, "the shrieks—you have not explained them."

The boy shuddered.

"I have not heard them for the last few days, in my waking hours, but they seemed to pierce my very brain, and are re-echoed in my sleep."

"You remember the sahib's daughter, whom our good young master loved?" replied the sycee.

"Miss Lillian?"

"Yes. She is a prisoner; the rich banker, Al Moorad, loves her, and——"

He paused—Caleb grasped his arm convulsively.

"The monster!" he groaned; "poor girl—poor girl! and no one to protect her."

"The fever protected her," continued his visitor; "Kehoda, the Nautch girl, who was to have been sacrificed with you, has been pardoned by Nadir, on condition that she watched over her."

"The pestilence saved her!" exclaimed the young Englishman, interrupting him; "thank Heaven for that, even though it saved her at the expense of life."

"On the contrary, she has nearly recovered," said the sycee, "and this very night I heard the banker boast to the chief Brahmin that in three days she should be his."

"Never!" whispered the captive, with fearful energy; "we must save her."

"Impossible!"

"I tell you we must," repeated Caleb. "There is nothing impossible in a cause so pure and holy that angels would weep its loss. In three days did you say?"

"Yes," answered his visitor, hesitatingly.

"In two I will have filed through this infernal chain," continued the grateful youth, with breathless eagerness. "You must procure me arms—a knife—anything; then fly to alarm Sir Charles Fourreau, whilst I remain here to watch over her."

With that vacillating spirit so natural to an Asiatic, Hirim began to regret that he had not availed himself of the discovery he had made, and fled alone. The reasoning, entreaties, but above all, the recollection of the kindness he had received at the hands of our hero at last prevailed, strengthened his better feelings, and he at length consented; but added, "that all hope of rescuing her would be useless, for the means of communication between the upper and lower temples were known only to the Brahmins."

"You forget the path you have discovered," urged Caleb.

"It leads to a half ruined tower near the fort," answered the boy.

"Could not the English soldiers penetrate by that?"

"Impossible!"

"Why so?"

"There is room only for one to pass at a time through the low vaulted passage, every step of which is mined. At the first alarm Nadir would fire the train, and so cut off all communication. You had better fly with me," he added, "and leave Lillian to her destiny."

This was an arrangement, however, to which her countryman would by no means consent; and he so far prevailed that his visitor agreed they should make their escape on the second instead of waiting for the third night.

Feeling that he had remained longer than prudence justified him, Hirim, after once more shaking hands with the captive, withdrew in the same cautious manner from the cell—the door of which he no sooner closed than a low grating sound might have been heard within the walls.

Caleb was already at work with the file upon his chains.

The struggle between life and death in the frame of Lillian had been a severe one. At times the forces of the contending principles appeared so equally balanced that a hair—a breath might have inclined the scale on either side. But, after several days of intense suffering, the skill of Nadir, who was learned beyond most of his caste in all the science of the East, and the untiring care of Kehoda, prevailed; the disease was vanquished, but it left its victim reduced to all but child-like weakness.

When informed of the certain recovery of the prisoner, Al Moorad expressed his satisfaction merely by a cynical smile. Lillian, he felt assured, could not a second time escape him. Everything seemed to favor his designs. The treacherous rajah had collected an overwhelming force, and was about to attack the temple. All fear of succor, therefore, from her friends he considered vain.

The chief Brahmin shared in his confidence, as well he might; for did not the Mogul reign in the marble palace at Delhi, and was not the massacre of Cawnpore unavenged?

"We will crush the infidels," he said, "like a nest of ants; the outraged and insulted gods of India have given them to our power."

"When will the assault take place?" inquired his confederate.

"Acbar waits but the arrival of the Begum's troops; a council is to be held to-morrow. I must be present to restrain rival pretensions, animate the lukewarm, and promise rewards to those who hesitate."

"When do you leave your present retreat?" inquired the banker.

"This night," answered the old man.

"I thought you said the council would not be held till the morrow?"

"Look on me," replied Nadir; "the snows of age are on my brow; but they have neither frozen my intelligence nor memory. The experience of my past life bids me trust to no man. Whilst my secret remains locked within my own breast, I am its master—once revealed, I become its slave. Think you," he added, "that even to Acbar I would explain the secret of the entrance to this secure abode?"

"And to avoid betraying it you quit it in darkness and mystery," observed his companion. "Well, perhaps you are right. But how are we," he continued, struck by a thought which did not appear to afford him unmitigated satisfaction, "whom you have introduced here, to pass once more to the light of day?"

"By the shrine above," said the old man, without moving a muscle of his countenance. "I can trust

to you," he added: "have you not sworn upon the Vedas?"

"So have the collector and the police magistrate."

"Concern not yourself for their safety," interrupted the Brahmin, with a slight degree of irritation at being thus questioned. "What the goddess of the place decrees, her ministers will find the means to execute."

Al Moorad did not feel altogether satisfied with the assurance, and for the first time he mentally asked himself whether he had acted wisely in placing himself so unreservedly in the power of the astute Nadir, whose wisdom consisted in a great measure of cunning, which could only be equaled by his ambition and bigotry.

No doubt our readers will rejoice with us that the gallant 01st still held out against the attacks which had been made upon them by the rebel rajah, whose forces had thrice been driven from the walls of the temple, and, what rendered the defeat more mortifying, forced to retreat by the very guns which had been taken from them when they made their first attempt. Sorrow for the loss of his adopted child, so strangely and inexplicably torn from him, had not diminished the energy of the veteran who commanded the beleaguered garrison; on the contrary, it appeared to have armed him with a stern determination to perish rather than yield the solitary post in which he was called upon to maintain not only the honor of England, but the prestige of her name and arms. In this resolution officers and men all shared; and, although the privations they endured were necessarily great, not a murmur was to be heard, or a word uttered that did not breathe of vengeance.

Dawlish, who commanded the guard at the gate, was smoking his cigar and chatting with one of his brother officers, when the latter suddenly broke off the conversation by pointing to a group of four horsemen, riding at a fearful rate towards the temple; they were pursued by the rajah's cavalry.

"They may be friends!" exclaimed the sub. "Had you not better order the gates to be opened? If enemies they are not numerous enough to cause us much annoyance."

Dawlish raised a powerful glass which he held in his hand, and something very like a smile of satisfaction rested for an instant on his features.

"*Natives!*" he replied; "*decidedly natives*, my dear fellow. How can you be so deceived by so clumsy an artifice?"

The cornet did not think that he was deceived, and asked for the glass, which his companion declined to part with; he required it to watch their manœuvers himself.

As the fugitives approached they uttered loud cries, and waved their swords.

"I am positive they are our countrymen," observed the young man. I distinctly caught the word 'open.'"

"An old *ruse*," observed his superior; "most of the rebel sepoys speak our language."

"But suppose you are in error," urged the first speaker.

"I will take the responsibility," answered Dawlish, in a tone which, although it failed to convince the speaker, silenced him.

The four riders rode close to the gate, evidently expecting that it would be thrown open, to afford them the friendly shelter they so urgently required; but, disappointed in the hope, paused for an instant, and rode on.

"Tell the colonel," *shouted the last*, "to hold out. Succor is on the march to relieve him."

"By heavens, it is Mark Rayner!" exclaimed the major, who at the same instant made his appearance upon the platform over the archway. "Why did you not order the gates to be opened?"

This was addressed to Dawlish, who muttered something about prudence and an unfortunate mistake.

"*Mistake!*" repeated the major, angrily; "you deserve to be shot for your prudence—it has cost the lives of brave men."

The soldiers of the guard began to murmur.

"Give them a volley," said the speaker, pointing to the pursuing party, who had incautiously advanced within gun-shot of the walls. "It is the only chance the prudence of Captain Dawlish has left them."

The order was obeyed not only with hearty good will, but with a precision that left more than one saddle empty.

The confusion in which the unexpected firing threw the small body of cavalry, gave the fugitives time to reach a half-ruined tower, standing between the temple and the fort.

"By heavens, but they have another," exclaimed Plinlimmon, greatly excited, for from his position every movement was painfully distinct to him; "see, they have succeeded in closing the gates."

"It will prove their tomb, I fear," observed Sir Charles Fourreau, whom the report of what had taken place had brought to the walls. "We are too much reduced to attempt a sortie."

"They are within reach of our cannon," observed the cornet, who had first descried the approach of Mark Rayner and his companions, whom we scarcely need inform our readers were no other than Richard, the lieutenant, and Jack Manders. "Don't you think, colonel, we might bring them to bear?"

The change of position of the only two pieces of ordnance the besieged regiment possessed was immediately ordered; and the soldiers worked with such hearty good will that the alterations were speedily effected.

The first shot dispersed the cloud of horsemen, who withdrew to a distance, still keeping, however, in such a position as might enable them to intercept the fugitives, should they sally forth and attempt to retrace their way to the temple.

The advantage unfortunately proved only a momentary one, for the alarm once given, the troops of Acbar issued in such numbers from the fort that all idea of attacking them on the part of the 01st would have been madness. A party of the rebels now dismounted and approached the tower, but were received by a volley from our hero and his friends, who fired through the loopholes of the building. Several times it was repeated and told with deadly effect.

The probabilities are, that had Sir Charles been aware that Richard was one of the defenders of that tower, feelings might have conquered the dictates of prudence and duty, and urged him to make a desperate attempt to rescue him, although it must have terminated in the destruction of the relieving party.

"Brave fellows!" muttered the major, his eyes still riveted on the scene of action; "pity it is of no use; they must perish."

His words proved prophetic, for whilst the assault on the tower was being continued, the rajah himself issued from the fort, followed by a body of officers and sepoys.

A piece of heavy ordnance was dragged up, and the rebel chief himself directed his men in bringing it to bear upon the tower and the desperate men who were fighting for their lives against such fearful odds.

"It is a painful thing," said the colonel, turning aside, "to see brave men die; but we are powerless to aid them."

The mournful silence of those around sufficiently justified his opinion.

"There goes the first shot!" exclaimed the major, as the canon of the enemy belched forth its iron shower; "their shelter will soon be a heap of ruins."

"Better they should be buried beneath them," observed Wharton, "than fall into the hands of those who have never yet shown mercy."

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

JACK MANDERS MAKES A DESPERATE EFFORT.

Although it was with a feeling of bitter disappointment that our hero and his companions found the gates of the temple closed against them by the obstinacy or error of Dawlish, it did not make them unjust. Not one of the party blamed the excessive prudence which forced them to seek the precarious shelter of the round-house in order to avoid their pursuers, who had hunted them like bloodhounds through the still blackened jungle, till their panting steeds were well nigh exhausted with fatigue.

On reaching the entrance to their retreat, the riders, without one instant's hesitation, abandoned them, and by uniting their efforts, succeeded at last in forcing the massive doors back on their rusty hinges, and drawing the ponderous bars.

The building had evidently been constructed with a view to defense. The walls were constructed of rough, unhewn stone, without aperture of any kind, except a row of loopholes just large enough for musketry.

So far they were fortunate.

A broken staircase led to a vaulted chamber beneath. The lieutenant and Richard descended to examine it, whilst Mark Rayner and Jack kept watch above.

After groping carefully round the walls—for the place was too obscure to trust to sight alone—they satisfied themselves there existed no means of egress from the vault, consequently they were safe from any attack in that direction. One singularity, however, forcibly struck our hero: the walls appeared to be constructed with superior care and choice of materials from the rest of the building.

"Strange!" he exclaimed.

"What is strange?" demanded his companion.

Richard pointed out the peculiarity he had noticed, when Marsh, to satisfy himself, by means of his pistol struck a light, and, setting fire to the muslin scarf he wore twisted round his turban, had time, during the temporary blaze, to examine the chamber more minutely.

Its walls were built of long, square blocks of sandstone, tallying in size, and curiously sculptured in high relief with subjects taken from the incarnations of Bramah, and Hindoo mythology.

Evidently it had been intended for some religious purpose.

Under any other circumstances they would have examined it with interest; but the report of their companions' revolvers recalled them to the apartment above. As they emerged from the vault, a bullet which had passed through one of the loopholes, slightly grazed the temple of Richard. Fortunately, the enemy, three of whom had already fallen, were too much intimidated to fire except at random.

"We can never hope to hold this place," observed *the lieutenant, despondingly.*

At the same time he cast his eyes around to ascertain if there were any means of reaching the chamber above, and from thence passing to the roof of the tower.

The staircase had been taken away.

"Our friends by this time must have perceived their fatal error," said our hero. "They never will desert us."

"Sir Charles will do his duty," was the reply of his more experienced companion.

"And that is?"

"Not to risk the lives of his men in an attempt which must end not only in their destruction, but in that of the helpless beings who have no other protection. Were you his own son," added the veteran, "he would endure the misery of seeing you perish before his sight, rather than abandon his post."

There was a silence of several minutes; each felt that he was listening to his doom, and heard it without a murmur—although it seemed hard, very hard to die, and their countrymen so near them.

Suddenly the firing ceased—all listened eagerly.

"By heavens!" exclaimed Mark Rayner, greatly excited: "but the regiment have made a charge upon the rebels."

The lieutenant shook his head incredulously.

Jack Manders, who, to do him justice, regretted the peril of his benefactor more than his own, could endure the harrassing suspense no longer. He mounted with desperate courage to one of the loop-holes, to ascertain why hostilities had ceased. A glance sufficed to explain it, and he hastily withdrew his head, just in time to avoid the volley of bullets which came rattling against the aperture.

"They are piling brushwood and timber," he said, against the gates, in order to smoke us out of our retreat."

"Or force an entrance by fire," observed Richard.

It appeared a cruel doom to men in the pride and strength of manhood to perish by such means. To die, suffocated like the wolf and wild fox in their lair, or rush forth to be hacked to pieces by the countless hands of fanatics, who already gloated in anticipation over the sufferings of their victims; but no hope, no means of escape, presented itself, and the lieutenant cast his glances once more despairingly on the broken stairs which led to the upper vault of the tower.

Jack, who followed the direction of his eyes with his own, reflected for a few seconds, then, drawing forth his clasp knife, began to rip the boots from off his swollen feet—the only possible way of removing them.

"What are you doing?" demanded our hero, mournfully, for he suspected that the horrors of their situation had impaired the poor fellow's reason.

Jack pointed to the broken stairs.

"Impossible," said Richard.

"I ain't so sure of that," replied his companion in misfortune: "I ain't been to sea for nothing. Many a night, when the waves dashed over the deck of the Caradoc, and cold, white, feathery foam came splashing in my face, half blinding me with the salt spray, I have mounted aloft to reef sails, and balanced myself like a sea-bird at the end of the yard, on a space not broader than one of those broken stones."

"You will never reach it," observed his benefactor; "and only add to your sufferings, my faithful friend—we must die together."

Jack repeated the word "friend" in an undertone several times, as if to give himself courage, and then without further hesitation commenced the difficult and dangerous ascent. At the same instant he did so, the enemy, as if aware that their prey was making a last desperate attempt to escape them, recommenced firing, and the bullets once more came whistling through the loop-holes of the tower.

The Sepoys were armed with our own rifles, and not bad marksmen.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

HOOD AND KEATS.

BY C. D. STUART.

Nature, lend your honeyed sweets!
Let me weave for Hood and Keats
Daisies white and daffodils,
Violets plucked by gentle rills,
Smiling pinks and blushing roses,
And all other luscious posies
Which these children of the Sun
Loved, and ever lived upon.

Keats, as bending as a willow;
Hood, with mirth and music mellow;
Ill they match, but still they gather
Life between extremes, and rather
Let us bind one wreath upon them,
Since the immortal only won them;
Serious, sighing, dying fellows,
Rome and Britain are their pillows.

Over Keats will hang a shadow,
Like a cloud above a meadow
Where a single lily lies,
Weeping out its dewy eyes;
Over Hood the Summer's brightness,
Zephyrs tripping in their lightness,
And a sound of poet springs
Babbling unto shaken wings.

Christians part and something sinners,
Lovers both of faith and dinners,
Over-eating, past entreating,
Than their lives more frail and fleeting,
They are gone and we are left!
Weeping in our sad bereft:
Weeping over Hood and Keats,
Two the world but seldom meets.

Sleep, ye two so tender-hearted!
Only from your sorrows parted;
One so beautiful and young,
Other like a harp-chord strung,
Mingling with all melodies,
Love-o'erladen argosies,
Star-feet trembling in the skies
To the trill of softest sighs.

Sleep, the dread abyss is cloven!
Sleep, your crowns are being woven
Ever from the throbbing heart,
Which in loving bears a part
Of the bitter grief that wasted,
Of the light ye both have tasted,
And the measure of each song
Ye have sung will we prolong.

ADVENTURES IN A DUG-OUT.

Late in the autumn of 1844 I was upon the banks of the Sabine, then the boundary between two republics. I had been detained several weeks at the plantation of a friend, on the Louisiana side, waiting for the only steamer, which, up to that time, had ever navigated its waters. The preceding summer had been one of unusual drought, and the boat was laid up at Sabine Town, anxiously looking for the annual rise of the stream, which was now due.

I had made an arrangement with an old friend, who had started a cotton plantation about two hundred miles, as the river runs, lower down, in Texas, to accompany me to the mouth of the river. We had purchased together a large tract of land on the lower portion of the river, and were desirous of examining it.

At length, weary of longer waiting for the rising of the stream, I purchased a peroque, or *dug-out*, as they are termed on the rivers and bayous of the South. My little vessel was the most primitive of all water craft. Its history dates even anterior to the birch-bark canoe of the red man. It was simply a trough, excavated from the trunk of a pine tree, and sharpened at either end. Into this rude affair I stowed my baggage, consisting of a trunk, a tent, and other conveniences for camping out in the wilderness, my fishing implements, and a large double-barreled gun; and bidding farewell to my kind friends, I started upon my lonely voyage.

On either side of me stretched the low bank of the river, covered with a dense forest. Upon their margins jungles of canebrakes drooped in graceful festoons over the sluggish current. The tillisandia, or Spanish moss, springing from limb to limb through the forest, robed the great trees in a garb of perpetual mourning. From out their twilight shadows the ghostly "*hoot-too-ho-ot*" of the screech-owl reverberated along the stream, and awakened kindred answers far and near. Flocks of wild ducks and geese, which had been driven by the approach of winter from the northern lakes, covered the surface of the river ahead of me, rising as I came near, and again alighting around the next bend below. Where the sand-bars stretched far out into the stream, beyond the shadows, alligators, those disgusting saurians of the south-western waters, were basking indolently in the hot sand, and infecting the air with their sickening odor of musk.

For nearly a week I worked my passage alone down the sluggish and shallow current, my trusty double-barrel and fishing tackle furnishing abundant materials for a good supper, when at night I encamped upon the sand-bars, and shared them with their previous occupants, the alligators and turtles.

The first day, after experiencing some trouble among shoals, where I was obliged to take to the water and drag my canoe and its contents over the rocks, I ran about forty miles, and encamped on a high bluff.

There it was that the initiatory adventure of my voyage occurred, and almost determined me to abandon it. Providing myself with a good supply of dry limbs, to keep up my fire during the night, I spread my blankets upon the ground, leaving the tent in the canoe. I had cooked no supper, fearful that the scent of it might attract panthers, which I had been warned were abundant along this portion of the river. My double-barrel, lying at my side, was charged mainly with buckshot. I had taken the precaution to throw into each tube an extra half-ounce ball. My bowie I wore about me in my belt.

This was my first camping out in the wilderness alone, and as may be supposed I did not sleep much, notwithstanding the fatiguing labors of the day. Every sound of the night birds, the bellowing of the alligators, and croaking of the bull-frogs—the distant howling of the wolves—kept me continually on the *qui vive*. I would fall into a doze for a moment, to be aroused by the crackling of my fire, or the sudden breaking of a dry twig. Every sound through that long night struck painfully on my listening ears.

At last, tired nature was forced to succumb. I know not how long I had slept when I was disturbed by the cautious and stealthy tread of some animal upon the dry grass and twigs, on the further side of my now nearly extinguished fire. It was a clear, starlit night, but I lay in the deep shadow of the trees.

I raised myself in a sitting position on my blankets, and peered out into the obscurity. Two bright red, fiery balls were gleaming upon me, in the edge of the thicket, but a few feet from where I sat. I was confident they were turned upon me—I seemed to feel their heat. Instinctively I caught up my gun, and brought it to bear a few inches below the glowing orbs. I fired—and instantly sprang from my blankets to the cover of a large tree to my right.

The report of my gun was followed by a wild growl of pain, and a dark shadow rushed between me and the flickering light of my dull fire.

The creature, whatever it was, was evidently wounded. It sprang with a furious growl upon the blankets I had just quitted, and tore them angrily beneath its claws.

I took another deliberate aim, for excited as I naturally was, I knew too well the value of my remaining shot to use it at random, and again fired. Again I hit the creature, for I heard it spring with a convulsive struggle against the roots of the tree, where a moment before my head had been resting.

Without moving from my shelter behind the tree, I reloaded both barrels of my gun, and awaited the motions of the animal before I again fired. I kept my eye upon the dark mass, which for a moment remained immovable, and began to think it was dead. Groping upon the ground, I found a dry reed, and was just in the act of reaching toward it to ascertain the fact, when the creature stretched its length upon the ground, and, rolling its burning eyes fiercely, was about to spring upon me. I well knew I had not a second of time now to lose, and leveling my gun to bear between the eyes of the brute, I pressed the trigger. The hammer of my lock fell with a dull sound—no explosion followed, for, in putting on the cap, in my haste I had neglected to force it well down on the nipple. With a desperate effort I attempted to force back the hammer of the other barrel—but I was a second too late. With a furious growl the wounded and maddened beast dashed with a single bound upon me. Quick as thought I sprang to one side, and the creature, almost brushing my body with its furry coat, fell some distance beyond. Now was my time—and before it could recover for another spring, I poured into it the contents of both my barrels, and, drawing my knife, waited a few moments to ascertain the effect of the shots. No sound or motion followed, and I was satisfied that at last it had received its quietus.

I now rekindled my fire, and as the flames shot up, and illuminated the scene, I found that I had been battling with a huge panther; and although it was the first of its species I had ever seen, I knew enough of its history to be aware that it was one of the largest of its kind.

This adventure completely banished all desire for sleep; and before the morning light returned I prepared an ample breakfast, to which, after the fast and work of the past night, I was prepared to render ample justice.

Daylight at length made its tardy appearance, and never was more welcome. I secured the skin of the panther as a trophy, and recommenced my voyage.

The river was very much obstructed by logs, and so crooked that I boxed the compass every half hour. I had, however, run along very pleasantly till about noon, when I found myself passing between high, rocky banks, and soon I detected the sound of rushing water. I was evidently approaching a fall, or rapids, for I was aware that the descent of the Texan rivers, during a low stage of water, was often rendered dangerous on account of them. My canoe was soon speeding along with a swift current, and in turning a bend, around a high, rocky point, I came in sight of one of the most fearful rapids ever descended in the shape of a boat. Sharp and broken rocks were projecting out of the water in every direction; angular masses filled up the bed of the river, which forced its current heaving and surging amongst them. Beyond these I discovered the spray arising from a water-fall, which, so far as I could judge from my position, must be fearfully deep. I was about to take a dreadful leap, for I found it impossible to check my speed. Onward I swept into the boiling rapids—tossed, like a leaf, from rock to rock. With every muscle strained I plied my paddle, and kept my little craft parallel with the rushing waters. Buoyant as a cork it passed on through the rocky barriers—and before me leaped the cataract.

My canoe, in escaping from the rocky pass, caught for an instant upon the sharp point of a rock, and hung there long enough to swing round at right angles with the current; and when, with a rocking motion, I cleared it, I was born down, sideways, to the crest of the cataract.

At this moment, fortunately, I observed a large tree, which had lodged upon the edge of the fall. Its top was entangled among the rocks above, while its roots projected over the falling sheet. From the body of this tree a naked, water-worn limb stretched out many feet across the channel. As I was being swept down I caught at this friendly limb, and, seated in the stern of the canoe, brought its head once more round to the current, and holding on to it for a moment, prepared for the leap before me.

I could now look below me, and through the spray I perceived a fall of some six or eight feet; but at the foot the river was evidently deep and unobstructed. My canoe was well balanced, and having safely descended thus far, I trusted to Providence, and, exerting all my strength, forced it like an arrow from the bow down the descent. For a moment I felt a rushing current of air—my hat was lifted from my head—then a shock, as if falling suddenly into a seat—no more, and I was floating safely in the eddying river below the cataract.

My back, however, had received a parting salute from a few dashes of the falling sheet.

After this I had a good river for several days, and encamping on the sand-bars at night, slept unmolested. Small game was very abundant; and when weary of barbacued ducks or geese, I had but to throw in my baited hook, and feast on most excellent fish. I say I slept unmolested. Once only were my slumbers disturbed. One night, when I had permitted my fire to go out, I was aroused by something tugging at my bread-bag, and endeavoring to drag it from under my head, through a rent in the tent.

With a loud yell I sprang to my feet and clutched my gun. As I crept out I perceived the outlines of a large bear, making hasty tracks along the sand-bar, for the timber beyond.

Bruin, no doubt, was more alarmed than myself. He had got a smell of my pilot bread, and was disposed to treat himself to the luxury; but my unearthly yell frightened him from his purpose.

I found my friend's place; and after spending a few days with his family, again resumed the voyage, accompanied by him.

For several days we drifted leisurely down the stream, watching the banks for otters, a great number of which we shot; and their fur being valuable, we were turning our trip to a profitable account.

On the morning of Christmas we made an early breakfast; but as we were preparing to start a dense fog came up suddenly. So heavy was it that we found it impossible to grope our way through. At length, however, as the sun rose, its warm rays dispelled the mists which hung over the river, and we were able to proceed.

This day we encountered an adventure the memory of which recurs to me on each returning anniversary, and excites gratitude for my preservation from an imminent peril.

We had now come into a very wild and unfrequented portion of the country, and were silently drifting down a long reach of the river. I was seated in the stern, and with the paddle was directing the motions of the canoe. My friend, Thomas, sat in the other extremity, with rifle in hand, watching for otter as they made their appearance upon the sand-banks, and along the edge of the stream. Across my left thigh rested my double-barreled fowling-piece, loaded with buck-shot, while over my trunk, in the center of the boat, was lying a heavy double-barreled deer gun, belonging to my friend.

As we approached the end of the reach, and I was about bringing the point of the canoe around the short bend, from which projected a long, narrow sand-bar, Thomas, with excited gesticulations, motioned me to land upon it.

At the same instant I discovered a huge black bear upon the point of the bar, drinking from the stream.

What with the strong current, which swept rapidly around the bend, and the "buck fever," as hunters term it, which had suddenly seized me, I did not succeed in landing the canoe in time, and the bear, having sighted us, turned to retreat towards the canebrake.

Seeing this, Thomas leapt into the water, which was but waist deep, waded to the sand-bar, and, heading him off, gave him the bullet from his rifle. It took effect in the bear's shoulder—only wounding him, enough, however, to arouse all his ferocity.

He now turned upon his assailant, who received him with the breech of his weapon; but at the first blow the slender stock snapped off at the guard. Thomas now showered rapid blows upon the head of the closing brute with the heavy barrel, but with little effect, as the skull of a bear is his least vulnerable point.

By this time I had succeeded in getting the bow of the canoe onto the sand-bar, and snatching up the deer gun, poured the contents of both barrels into his back and haunches.

The brute, now maddened by the stinging pellets, turned from its first assailant, and with a rapidity of motion for which I should never have given such a huge mass of blubber credit, sprang upon me.

I was still in the canoe, and as the infuriated animal turned upon me, I gave him the two other charges from my own gun. This checked him only for a moment, and wiping the blinding blood from his eyes with a quick dash of his great paws, he leaped into the boat. As the bear came in, I, of course, evacuated the premises, and jumped into the river.

I had no sooner reached the water than I heard the heavy plunge of the bear behind me. He was between me and the sand-bar, and I had no other recourse but to swim across the narrow channel to the other side, where was lying a large cypress tree, with its trunk and top branches partially submerged in the stream.

As I swam I heard the growling and splashing of the wounded brute close in my wake, and evidently gaining upon me.

I now began to think I was in for a more serious adventure than was altogether agreeable.

In the meantime Thomas had gained the canoe, and was reloading his deer gun.

As I reached the top of the cypress, and had climbed into the highest branches, Mr. Bruin had also reached the trunk, and was in hot pursuit of me. He was now between me and my friend, who by this time had reloaded the gun, and pushed over in the canoe to my relief. The bear, however, managed to keep between us, thus preventing Thomas from giving him the contents of his gun. He continued to run up along the log, till he reached the branch on which I had taken refuge. His proximity was altogether too great, and calling upon Thomas, I begged him for God's sake to dispatch the savage brute.

"I can't do it," he replied, "without endangering your own life. Go higher; the bear can't climb the smaller limbs."

I followed his suggestion, and climbed to the extremity of the tree-top. But the bear was not to be baulked of his object, and, with frothing jaws, and his red eyes flashing fire, he followed after me. I now bethought me of my bowie knife, which still remained in my belt, and as he came on I stood determined to fight him, till Thomas, who had reached the log with our camp ax, should attack him in the rear.

I had climbed out to the point of a small limb, which too late I perceived had been partly broken. Still came on my unrelenting enemy, and before my friend could reach him, he had climbed out after me. Our united weight proved too much for the broken limb. It broke, precipitating us both into the river. The water, as is always the case at the outer edge of the short bends, was deep. We both went down together. I could feel the weight of the huge beast upon me, bearing me to the bottom. But with a desperate struggle I managed to free myself from him, and being a good swimmer, came first to the surface.

Fortunately, as I fell from the tree, I had my knife in my hand, and by a natural effort continued to grasp it as I went down. As the bear came snorting and growling to the top of the water, I plunged the knife rapidly into his panting sides. It was the work of an instant only, but the water around us soon became of the hue of claret.

The bear now began to evince a disposition to retire from the contest, and, in fact, I was completely exhausted, and had no desire to continue it. As he turned from me, therefore, toward the sand-bar, I sprang upon his broad back, and clutching into his long, shaggy coat with my left hand, with the other repeatedly buried my knife to the hilt in his body.

By the time we had reached the edge of the sand, my friend had recrossed the river, and welcomed the arrival of Bruin with the ax, a few blows of which upon his skull settled his business.

With feelings of satisfaction and relief I crawled out upon the dry sand, and stretched at full length upon it, surveyed the huge proportions of my late enemy. My friend, who was an old experienced hunter, pronounced him the largest bear he ever saw.

It required the utmost of our united strength to drag him from the edge of the water; and his skin being stretched and dried in the sun, furnished a soft bed, amply large enough for both of us, during the remainder of our eventful voyage.

When you go to drown yourself, always pull off your clothes, that they may fit your wife's second husband.

MEMORY.

When the red light fades through the casement,
I sit alone in the gloom,
And a spray from the climbing rose-tree
Peers into the silent room :—

Now it swayeth against the lattice,
Now dasheth against the pane,
Though the hand that gathered its blossoms
Shall gather them ne'er again.

She hath gone up the starry pathway
That all the Blessed have trod,
And she gleaneth the milk-white lilies
That fringe the River of God.

Her fair hands are peacefully folded,
Meekly her eyes are cast down,
The lilies lie thick on her bosom,
She weareth a golden crown.

Then she kneeleth adown before Him
And a Psalm she singeth sweet,
And the golden crown and the lilies
She layeth them at His feet.

Still it swayeth against the lattice,
Still dasheth against the pane,
Though the hand that gathered its blossoms
Shall gather them ne'er again.

R. M'C., JR.

THE STONE CROSS AT COLOGNE.

BY MARY W. STANLEY GIBSON.

JER. 3. 31.

A. VON RADEWISKI.
Geb. Loeben.

Geb Aug. 24, 1800.—Gest. Aug. 15, 1836.

That was the inscription which I read above a grave in the churchyard of the chapel of Saint Saviour, at Cologne, one pleasant July morning more than twenty years ago. I was *en route* from Bremen to Paris, but the sight of the Rhine beguiled me, and I stopped for an hour or two to look around Cologne, intending to take another train in the afternoon, and meet my friends at the Hotel d'Etranger, Paris, in time for the next morning's breakfast.

I was walking quite near the station, so that my friend the gen-d'arme, who had received a silver coin in advance, on condition that he should hunt me up in full time for the train, might see me, when my attention was attracted by a statue of the Virgin and her child, erected in an angle of the market-place, and facing the Crucifixion, which was carved in stone upon the great wall just opposite. I saw a pious Catholic pass. He pulled off his hat, made a little reverence, and crossed himself as he hurried by; and then, crossing the market-place, and lifting my own hat a little as I passed the Calvary, I tried the great gate of the inclosure, and looked in. As I looked around, my eyes fell upon a plain cross of veined marble, bearing the inscription I have already copied, and standing well back from the path. The grave itself was covered with soft green turf, and a strange-looking crimson flower, with a black heart, shaped something like a rose, grew in rich profusion all about the foot of the cross.

"GEB LOEBEN.
Geb. Aug. 24, 1800.—Gest. Aug. 15, 1836.'

What did it mean? I knew no more than if the inscription had been written in the unknown tongue. "Geb." and "Gest.," I supposed, from their connexion, must stand for "born" and "died," but I could not translate "Loeben," nor can I to this day, my stock of languages being exceedingly limited. I looked at the other graves beneath the shadow of the cedar tree, but my gaze kept wandering back to that one. It had been made in 1836, and it was now 1838. The turf was still green and the flowers unfaded—the sleeper had not been forgotten. But there was a green depression at the head of the grave that annoyed me. One side was a little lower than the other, and the turf refused to grow there. It was a very foolish idea, but I remembered some stories of "resurrectionists" which I had heard in my youth, and how they always used to draw the coffin cannily out at just that place, and then fill up the empty grave with boards and sods, to hide the absence of its tenant. Yet always—so my good nurse had related with a wise shake of her gray head—always that one little place remained which could not be filled up—which *would* sink down in spite of all they could do. And such a place was here. What if the poor Polish exile (as I dare say he was) had been spirited off by some lawless medical student, and ruthlessly dissected before a gazing crowd. Or—what put *that* idea into my head—what if he had grown tired of lying there, and had quietly let himself out, and gone into the world again, a troubled spirit in a body which could not rest.

Years and years ago, when I was a boy in my American home, I had daily to pass a "graveyard" (as it is there called) on my way to school. The village "tomb," (which is only a vault with iron doors, erected at the outskirts of the place, and extending far under the graves themselves,) was sometimes open, so that as we hurried by we could catch a glimpse of the coffins on their shelves within, waiting their turn to be buried beneath the open sky of Heaven. One day the door was shut, and some of our number said if any one should knock three times upon it, he would surely die within three days, three weeks, three months, or possibly three years. We dared each other to do it, and I, being, I suppose, the greatest fool in the company, went up and gave the three loud knocks which rang solemnly through the vault, and sent me back, faint and pale, to my terrified comrades. They looked upon me as one doomed from that day; yet the appointed time passed, and I was alive and well. But I drew a long breath of relief when the longest period of all—three years—had passed, and I scarcely like to think of it even now. The spirit which prompted that dare-devil prank was not quite quelled at the time of which I am writing. I bent over the grave and eyed it closely; I cleared away the flowers from the foot of the cross, and finally, throwing a glance up the long avenue, and seeing no one coming, I knelt down beside the grave, and laid my lips close to the depressed earth where the grass would not grow.

"Von Radewiski, are you here?" I whispered.

My heart beat so I could scarcely breathe, as I waited for an answer from the dead! But all was silent within the dark home, and the swallows sang cheerily around the church, and the trees waved gently in the fresh air that dried the perspiration starting on my forehead.

"Von Radewiski—are you here?" I asked again.

The words had scarcely left my lips before a dreadful horror came over me, and I sprang to my feet, and leaned against the cedar tree. There had been no stir or motion; no shadow had passed over the grass; no mocking voice had sounded in my ear, and yet I felt that I was not alone. *Something* was beside me; something leaned against the cedar tree as I was leaning, and the bright blue sky shone down upon us both! I turned pale and faint; my blood ran cold in my veins, and I felt my hair rising on my head. I tried to speak, but my tongue was like iron; I would have cried out, but my voice had gone; and when, in my extremity, I bethought myself of the sign of the cross, I could not raise my arm to make it. Oh, that dead silence in the fair, green churchyard, with the *Thing* I had conjured up beside me, was horrible! It only lasted a moment, though it seemed like ages. The gate clicked; I saw the gen-d'arme entering, and I was free once more. I breathed a thankful prayer, and, as may be easily imagined, registered a vow never to trouble the repose of the dead again. My worthy friend looked at me as he saw me wiping my forehead, and scarcely able to stand, and cast a curious glance from me to the grave.

"Ah—monsieur looks ill," he said gravely.

"And so would you, my good fellow," I answered, "if you had been beset as I have been here."

"Ah—monsieur has seen something."

He crossed himself and turned his back upon the grave. I took his arm, and we walked to the outer gates in silence; but when we were fairly in the station, with a busy crowd around us, and the noise of the city outside, I slipped another coin into his hand.

"Now, my friend, before we part, tell me about that grave. Who is buried there?"

"People say no one, Monsieur."

"What do you mean?"

"It is a queer tale," he said, shrugging his shoulders and pulling his moustache. "A Polish count, I believe it was, who was killed in a duel, and buried there secretly, at night. They say he had sold himself to the devil, and I do not know what besides. However, they managed to get him into consecrated ground, by hook or crook, and supposed they had done with him. It is an odd-looking grave; strangers often stop to look at it; but the sexton is, or ought to be, always there, to warn them away."

"And why?"

"I will tell you, Monsieur. Some people thought they saw the Polish count after his death, and not more than a year ago. They were ready to make oath about it, and being Englishmen, gave their countryman, the reverend gentleman at St. Saviour's, no peace till he allowed the grave to be privately opened."

"Well."

"Monsieur, there was no one there."

I could have yelled with terror. Something in the fellow's words frightened me more than anything else could have done.

"And you actually think he is still in the world now? Pshaw! what nonsense!"

I made this remark with a pale face and quivering lips, and the gen-d'arme knew as well as you or I, dear reader, that I was scared, as well I might be, if his tale was true, considering what I had done only half an hour before.

He bowed and pointed to the train, which now came thundering up beside the station.

"Monsieur, what am I to believe, if not that? Adieu, and may you never meet him."

I dare say he laughed in his sleeve, after he had gone, at the fright he had given me. But I could not rally from it, and "Geb Loeben" and the rest of it ran in my head all that night, and for many days after I joined my friends at Paris.

* * * * *

We went to Rome during that autumn, and remained in the Holy City till the following May. We were a party of artists, four in number, and much alike in temper and disposition. A happier or more careless set of fellows never existed, I fancy. We made friends of such of our profession as we fancied, painted our pictures, sang our songs, cracked our jokes, and told our stories together, as many others have done before, and many more will do after us.

I stood one day looking at the crowd of devotees who were gathering at the foot of the Sancta Scala, a broad flight of steps or stairs, said, I believe, to have been the same which were ascended by the Saviour when he went to be judged at the house of Pontius Pilate. Whoever of the faithful shall ascend them on his or her knees, devoutly reciting a prayer on every step, gains an indulgence on reaching the top. As I was musing upon this and other church matters, my eyes fell upon the face of a gentleman standing near me, and a cold shudder ran over me from head to foot, I could not tell why. He was, like myself, a looker-on; was slender and well-dressed, with a regularly featured face, fair hair and moustache, and a small, white hand—that true *English* mark of aristocratic birth. He was looking at the worshipers, and a slight smile lingered on his lip. By-and by he turned towards me, and his eyes met mine with a full glance. It was as if he had given me a blow. I never saw such eyes but then. As to color, they had none. I, as an artist, ought to be able to give a name to any tint under the sky or upon the earth, but I solemnly declare that to those shifting, changing eyes I can affix no appellation. They were large, and somewhat peculiar in form, and had, at the first glance, very much of the pearl-gray tint—neither violet nor blue—one sometimes sees in a twilight. Come close—look nearer—and what a change! A lonely tarn, lying out in the moonlight upon the Scottish hills, with never a ripple on its breast, yet always swelling, sighing and changing, and with fearful sights in its black depths; murdered and bleeding corpses, and bleaching bones—this was all I could think of, as the stranger fixed his gaze on me. I was no romantic, visionary boy, but a strong, sturdy man, fond of roast beef and good living, with as little poetry in my nature as an artist can manage to get along with, yet I cowered before him like a whipped spaniel. His white teeth shone beneath his moustache, and leaning towards me, he whispered—

"Welcome to Rome. It is not the first time you and I have met."

"Sir, you are mistaken."

He twirled his moustache as I drew myself up haughtily, and laid his small hand upon my arm. I seemed to hear the rustling of trees, the song of birds, and the swell of a river against a stone wall. And a breeze laden with the fragrance of lime blossoms swept across my cheek, and I heard a stifled whisper—

"Von Radewiski, are you here?"

I grew sick with horror—for though I hope I am as brave as most men when anything real and tangible presents itself, I confess honestly that I am thoroughly afraid of anything from the spirit world. The light grasp on my arm recalled me to myself, and the mocking eyes looked full into mine.

"I see you know me now," he said, with a smile. "Farewell for the present, but we shall meet again."

When I mustered up courage enough to look around, his place was vacant. But I knew quite well who had been with me, and oh! how fervently I wished I had never seen St. Saviour's, at Cologne!

He told the truth when he said we should meet again. He haunted me as if he had been my shadow, and I grew ill and low-spirited under the persecution. I saw him at balls, and parties, and operas constantly, and the old thrill of horror would creep over me, when a third person would sometimes come and stand exactly between us, and converse with me. That made it real. That made it evident to my bewildered mind that he was only visible when and where he chose. I lost flesh and color; I could not sleep or eat, and our party decided that I was in love. Even that was better than the truth, and I did not contradict it. I was afraid to speak of Von Radewiski to those laughing, jovial Englishmen; they would have thought me mad.

There was a saint, among other saints who have lived in Rome, who was peculiarly beloved by the young and noble men of that patrician city, for his winning ways and gentle deeds. Himself of noble birth, he resigned everything to become a priest, and devoted himself earnestly to his holy calling. As a boy, so pure was his life, and so free from all boyish sins, that in the college he went by the name of "good Pippo;" as a man, the needy, the sinful and the unfortunate always found in him a father and a friend; as a saint, he is said to have worked many astonishing miracles, and the lame walk, and the blind see, on visiting his tomb with faith. I am speaking of St. Philip Neri, the founder and patron of his order, and the tutelar saint of the "oratorys" of which every one, traveling on the continent or in England, has heard. The little room where this good man spent his long and useful life is still shown, and on the Saints' Day his body is exposed in a kind of mausoleum, whose iron doors are thrown open, that his children and disciples may pray before his tomb. I had heard much of the dazzling purity of his life and character, and joined the crowd that flocked on that lovely May morning to look at the sepulcher. But as I turned away, after a glimpse of the body, lying, as it had done for so many years, in its coffin, I met *the eyes* again, and felt almost as if my hour had come.

I went home, and locking myself into my room, gave orders that I was not to be disturbed, and determined I would go out no more till that evil Thing had departed, even though I condemned myself to a lifelong solitude, like that of Father Raphael in his lonely cell. I dined late, and after my servant had brought the lamps and the wine, sent him about his own devices, and sat long over my claret. "The moon was up and at the full," and the chamber where I sat was flooded with its beams. I smoked my cheroot and thought of home, and of my blue-eyed cousin there, and of the time when we were children together, and I used to call her my little wife. They were gentle fancies, and pleasant, and I lifted the wine-glass from the table to drink my pretty Edith's health. The next moment the goblet fell crashing to the floor, and the cheroot hissed itself out of existence in the pool of claret in which it was lying. For there, in my room with the locked and barred doors, stood Von Radewiski, leaning carelessly against the chimney-piece, and looking at me with an evil smile.

"You are rather inhospitable, my friend," he said quietly. "But I forgive you. And you see it makes no difference with me."

I was dumb.

"You called me some time ago, at a time when I could not conveniently answer you," said my ghostly visitor, with a smile. "Though I think I made you understand that I was near you at last. Since then, I have come before you now and then, as you well know."

"Unquiet spirit, tell me why you haunt me so."

"You called me, and I came," he said calmly.

It was too true. I groaned when I thought of my foolhardy exploit, and poor Frankenstein, haunted by his Monster, could not have repented of his rash curiosity more than I. Von Radewiski went on:

"At times you have believed in me entirely, at others, you have been inclined to think me a mere creature of your imagination, and have even laughed at the idea of my existence after death. Is it not so?"

I hung my head and did not speak. If I had ever been glad to doubt his reality, I was most thoroughly and terribly convinced of it now, and the cold perspiration broke out upon my forehead as I thought of my situation, shut up in a lonely chamber, at night, with a man who had been three years dead. I can write of it quietly enough now, here in my happy home, with my blue-eyed Edith standing at the open window, throwing flowers at our youngest child upon the lawn, but it was not a pleasant thing to undergo, nor, for a long time, to remember.

"I am about to give you a convincing proof of my identity," said the cold, clear voice. "Whatever you doubt again, it will not be me."

He stood perfectly still, only looking at me, without making a sign or movement that I could see. But the room in the old palace faded slowly from my view, with him in it, the moonlight still shone, but it was upon a quiet churchyard, and I was no longer sitting in my easy chair, but standing alone beneath the cedar tree. The air was cold and clear, though it was a summer evening, and I put my hand to my forehead, and felt the rough bark of the tree against which I was leaning. I was not dreaming. So surely as I am sitting here, do I believe I stood in the churchyard of St. Saviour's that night, and heard the bells chime out the hour—eleven. The old feeling came over me as I stood and looked at the grave at my feet, with its stone cross and smoothly kept green turf. The crimson flowers had grown higher than they were the year before, and came up almost high enough to hide the words carved upon the cross.

I took off my hat, and if a thought of the good Saint Philip lying in his coffin at Rome crossed my mind, it did not keep me from what I was tempted to do. I knelt down and put my lips to the one bare sod, and whispered, as I had done once before—

"Von Radewiski, are you there?"

There was no answer. I smiled scornfully, and repeated my summons.

Hark! a stir and a sigh beneath me.

"Who calls?" said a melancholy voice. "Yes, I am here."

I sprang to my feet quaking with affright, and directly the heavy sods were removed as if by an invisible hand, and I looked down into the dark grave. By the bright light of the moon I saw, as plainly as I now see Edith and our child before me, a man lying in his shroud and coffin, with his pale hands clasped over a great wound in his side, from which a few drops of blood were welling. Changed and pale as he was, I recognized the face only too well, and by-and-by he opened his eyes, and looked up at me with the old glance.

"You called me and I came," he said quietly. "Come you to me now, and we will never part again."

He sat upright in his coffin, and stretched out his pale, blood-stained hands. I groaned and fell back to avoid him. When I opened my eyes again I was in my room at Rome, and the day was breaking.

Come nearer to me, Edith, and you, my blue-eyed boy, lay your little cheek to mine, and press your lips upon my forehead. It is an ugly tale, and, coward as I am, I can scarcely bear to think of it even yet. Thank God for me, my darlings, that I am free from the dreadful curse.

A SICK ROBBER;
AND HOW TIM CURED HIM.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Tim Benson was a brave, kind-hearted man, and had seen much of the world, and been mixed up some in adventurous affairs. I lost sight of him when I left our native village, and shortly after that he wandered off to the Far West. Not long since Tim called upon me. I did not know him at first, for he had grown stout and dark, and his coarse hair had many a silver touch upon it. But I found him to be the same warm, genial friend as of old, and I enjoyed the week through which his visit extended very much. One day we went out upon our old trout stream, with our poles upon our shoulders, and our dinners in our pockets; and when it came noon we sat down under some shady trees upon the bank, and eat our meal. After the last crumb had been disposed of, and Tim had lighted his pipe, I picked up the old newspaper in which the "grub" had been done up, and glanced my eyes over its columns. I saw an account of a murder in Missouri, and read it aloud to my companion.

"That's a great place for murders and robberies," I remarked, as I threw the paper down.

"Yes—'tis," said Tim. "But I can tell you one thing: When they catch one of the villains, they make 'im suffer. I tell ye, a man stands on his own merits there."

"But a great many villains escape," I added.

"True," he replied, "for they have more chance than they do here. But once in awhile a chap gets jerked up when he least expects it. I caught one once—about a year ago—and he was strung up without much ceremony. He was tried; but they wasn't long in convicting him."

"How did you catch him?" I asked.

"I'll tell ye," said Tim. He knocked the ashes from his pipe; then picked out an easier seat upon the bank; and then commenced:

"About two years ago I took a notion to go to Texas. I landed at Galveston, where I staid six months. I was just getting ready to go up the Trinity River when I was taken down with the small-pox. I had it hard, as ye can see by some of the marks on my face; but I come safely out of it, and when I was wholly well, I started off. At Brownville I fell in with a man I had known in Mississippi, and I stopped there, and went into a sort of a dickering business with him. His name was Smith; and I think he belonged in New York. One evening he and I went over to the tavern, where we used to sit sometimes to hear the news, and while we were there a peddler came along, and engaged lodgings for the night. He was a short, middle-aged man, and I should say a German by birth. He had two large japanned trunks; and after he'd eaten his supper he opened 'em, and tried to trade with us. He had a good many watches; and some jewelry; and some silver spoons; and a host of other truck, such as knives, and pistols, and so on. He sold quite a lot of stuff, and then put his trunks away, and sat down and smoked.

"Just about this time a chap named Sutt Mangle, who lived a mile from the settlement, on a little by-way that branched off from the main road by the river, sank forward in his chair, and said he was taken very sick. The landlord got him a glass of whiskey, but that didn't seem to do him any good. He said he hadn't felt well all the afternoon. He was dizzy now, and almost blind, and had severe pains all up and down his back. He said he never could get home alone, and he wanted somebody to help him. One of the company, who had a horse in the shed, offered to help him, and Sutt got up to go out with him, but he staggered and trembled so that he had to help him out, and lift him onto the horse.

"This Sutt Mangle had lived in that section going on four years, but folks didn't know much about him. He had a wife, but no children, and earned his living by hunting. He seemed to be a quiet sort of a chap, but as he didn't seek anybody's company, of course there didn't anybody seek his.

"About nine o'clock Smith and I went home and went to bed, and just as we were going to work the next morning we saw the German peddler posting off down the main road to the river. We went to the shop, and along towards the middle of the forenoon we saw a crowd gathering in front of the tavern. I ran over, and learned that the pedler had been murdered and robbed! We found the coroner, and off we went down the road, for about a mile, where we found the murdered man. His head was smashed to a pumice, and his clothes all covered with blood; and not far off was found the club with which it had been done. It was a piece of locust, and was daubed all over the heaviest end with blood and tangled hair. The two trunks were found in the woods, entirely empty, everything they had contained having been carried off.

"It didn't take long to find a verdict in that case; and when they had decided that the peddler had been brutally murdered by some unknown person, the body was carried back to the tavern, and then the people turned out to hunt up the murderer. They hunted all that day, scouring the highways, and the by-ways, and the woods in every direction; but the object of their search was not to be found. One of the first places visited was Sutt Mangle's. They found him sick abed, and his wife said she was afraid he had the small-pox. She had seen nothing, and heard nothing, of any stragglers about the premises, and as the settlers were anxious to get out of the way of a man who had that fatal disease, they left as quickly as possible.

"It was on the third day after the murder that all hopes of finding the villain in that section were given up. As many as twenty different individuals had been apprehended and examined, but not proof enough could be found to detain them. People wondered how it could have been done—and well they might—for the murder could not have been done an hour before it was discovered, and in less than another hour half the inhabitants of the town were on the search. Inquiries had been made upon every way by which a villain could have escaped, but no clue could be thus gained. I had made up my mind that the murderer had not left the town at all. I believed that it must have been done by some one who lived in that section; though I had no idea of where a suspicion could rest.

"The third day after the murder was Sunday, and in the forenoon Smith and I went out to take a walk. We stopped at the tavern, where I learned that Sutt Mangle had the small-pox of the worst kind, and that nobody dared to go near the house. I asked if he had the doctor.

"'No,' said the landlord; 'his wife says she can fix him up, as she has been in a hospital at New Orleans. So the doctor thinks there is no need of his venturing there.'

"Of course I knew that I couldn't take the small-pox again, so I made up my mind that I'd go down and see the poor fellow, and find out if he wanted any help. Smith said he would go part way with me, but he wouldn't venture into the cot. We set out, and when we got to within half a dozen rods of the house, my companion said he guessed he'd stop, and let me go ahead. The dwelling was only a log-cabin, and when I reached the door, Mrs. Mangle came out. She was a hard-looking woman, though not so homely as I had seen.

"'Don't come no nigher,' she cried, when she saw me. 'Sutt's got the small-pox awful.'

"'Never fear,' says I. 'I aint afraid of it. I've just dropped down to see if I couldn't help him.'

"But she declared that I mustn't come in. She said it would be the death of me. He didn't want any help. However, I insisted, and she finally gave way; but she warned me against going near the bed. I went in, and there, in one corner, on a low bed, I saw Sutt Mangle. His face was as speckled as an adder, and he seemed to be in much pain.

"'How are ye?' I asked.

"'Awful!' said he.

"'Can't I do something for ye?' says I.

"'Take care!' he cried. 'Don't come no nigher! Ye'll ketch yer death!'

"It struck me that the man could talk a good deal better than I could when I had the small-pox, and I thought his eyes looked rather bright and clear. And then his face wasn't swollen a bit.

"'Take care!' says he, as I went nearer to him.

"'Never fear,' says I. 'I've had it;' and as I spoke I sat down on the side of the bed. He trembled so that I could feel the bed shake under me, and turned quickly over so as to hide his face; and as he did this I saw two things that rather startled me. In the first place, I saw that he had his clothes on; and in the second place, I saw that the spots on his face *weren't anything but spots!* They weren't pustules at all, but only daubs of some kind of red and purple paint, or berry-juice.

"It didn't take more'n a minute for me to see quite an *animal*. I'd seen twenty men sick with the small-pox at the same time, and I knew that this chap wasn't sick any more than I was. I'd come there to help him if I could; but the thought struck me that I might help him in a little different way from what I was expected.

"'Well,' says I, as honest as I could, 'if I can't help ye, I'll be moving; but look out that ye don't catch cold.'

"He said he would, and I left him. When I joined Smith, I told him what I'd found. I told him that Sutt Mangle hadn't got the small-pox—that he'd pretended to have it so as to keep people away from him, in which he had succeeded pretty well. Says I,—'He planned to rob the peddler when he first pretended to be taken sick at the tavern. It was a shrewd thing, but if you'll go back with me we'll show him that he hasn't succeeded.'

"Smith was all afire now, and as anxious to examine into the matter as I was. Of course I wasn't morally sure that Sutt was the murderer; but I *was* sure that he had no sickness; and that was ground enough to work upon. We got a couple of good clubs, and went back to the cot—crawling along under the bushes—and when we got to the open yard we rushed in. Sutt was just getting out of bed, and when he saw us he caught a pistol from under his pillow; but before he could cock it Smith gave him a rap on the head with his club which settled him back. The woman turned to flee, but I attended to her case, though I had to knock her down before I could secure her.

"As soon as Sutt was bound I took a wet rag, and gave his face a washing that cured all the small-pox in a very few moments. He came out as fresh as a rose-bush after a shower. The very first place we examined was under the bed, where we found two bundles done up in old quilts. We pulled 'em out and opened 'em, and found the peddler's whole stock. Sutt Mangle had supposed that a case of small-pox would be a sufficient safeguard against any outsider's poking in under that bed; and if it hadn't happened that I'd had the critter, and so wasn't afraid of it, the valuables might have laid there in safety till he got a chance to move 'em, which he probably meant to do as soon as it was proper for him to get well.

"I remained in the cot to keep guard, while Smith went after help. Sutt swore and begged, and offered me all he'd got if I'd let him go, but I made no words with him. I waited until Smith returned, which he did in company with a score of the villagers, and then we carried the prisoners and their plunder up to the tavern.

"Of course there was no lack of evidence to convict Sutt Mangle of the murder and robbery. It was as plain as day. The clothes he had worn that night at the tavern were found all spattered with blood, and we found the locust, too, close by his cot, from which the club was cut. But the small-pox and the articles under the bed were enough in themselves. However, he was convicted, and in two weeks he was hanged, and before he died he not only confessed that he murdered the peddler, but he said he had killed and robbed a good many men in different parts of the country. His wife was convicted at the same time, and sentenced to imprisonment for life.

"That's the only case of small-pox I ever doctored, but I think, all things considered, I managed it pretty well. Don't you?"

"Yes," said I.

"Then let's go at the trout again," said Tim.

And at them we went.

REAL POWER.

Wealth, we are told, is power; talent is power, and knowledge is power. But there is a mightier force in the world than either of these—a power which wealth is not rich enough to purchase, nor genius subtle enough to refute, nor knowledge wise enough to overreach, nor authority imposing enough to silence. They all tremble in its presence. It is truth—the really most potent element of social or individual life. Though tossed upon the billows of popular commotion, or cast into the seven-fold furnace of persecution, or trampled into the dust by the iron heel of power, truth is the one indestructible thing in this world that loses in no conflict, suffers from no misusage and abuse, and maintains its vitality and completeness after every assault.

VALUE OF A DOLLAR.

If you want to know precisely how much a dollar is worth, just try to borrow that amount from your most intimate friend. Perhaps you will get it, and then again perhaps you won't. If you have no occasion to ask, you can easily obtain it, but if the world honestly believes that you need a dollar to save you from actual starvation, you will stand a remarkably good chance for Potter's Field before the dimes are forthcoming. Try the experiment.

A WISE MAN.

BY ALICE CARY.

Whoso is skilled to read the little signs
  Swinging upon the trees, why, he is wise;
  Nature has laid her hand upon his eyes,
And couched them, and for hours he stays apart,
Quietly learning till he knows by heart
  The poems written in her crooked lines
Of tender grapes, pointed with stops
  Of dewy violets, where unawares
Almost, the voice into a whisper drops,
  And the soul grows so reverent, it dares
Throw the poor shows of reverence away,
Leaving him free his impulse to obey
And pluck them up by handfulls, knowing they
  More glorify the Giver, who partake
  Of his good gifts, than they who fast and make
Burnt offerings, and Pharisaic prayers.

The smell of earth grows sweet, and by-and-by
  Wearied, he turns his face to her green wall,
And through the white hair round his sleepy eyes
Sees heaven's bright daybreak in the sunset skies,
  And hears God's voice along the twilight call,
Then folds his hands, and answers, "here am I."

A RIVAL'S REVENGE.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

A number of years ago, a man by the name of Wallace, of Scotch descent, emigrated to Texas, and settled at a small inland village. His family consisted of himself, wife, daughter, and servant. This daughter, an only child, was then about eighteen years of age, and very beautiful—of a graceful figure, regular features, dark hair, and bright, merry, sparkling black eyes. She had received a good education, was well accomplished, and soon became the belle of the place. She had one fault, however—a fault common to most pretty women—she was a coquette.

Among her numerous admirers was a man some thirty years of age—tall, dark, and sinister of aspect—of whom report did not speak altogether favorably. He had come to the place a short time subsequently to the settlement of Mr. Wallace, and located himself at the village inn, where he gave out that he was a man of wealth. Nothing was known of his history, and there were none who could say he was not what he represented himself; but there were many who believed, for various reasons, that he was a professional gambler. He seemed to have plenty of money, and, so far as could be seen, conducted himself in an upright and honorable manner; but still he was not liked; there was something too stern and forbidding in the man to make him popular with the people around; and hence he was regarded with suspicion and distrust, and many stories were set afloat derogatory to his moral character. James Vaughan, for so he gave his name, seemed not in the least disturbed by these evil reports, but continued to conduct himself as if he believed that all were satisfied with the report which he gave of himself.

How it was that he first became acquainted with Helen Wallace, was not known to the gossiping portion of the village; but they were suddenly surprised to find him received at the dwelling of her father as a welcome guest; and it was soon rumored that he was treated by Helen herself with marked favor.

Time passed on—six months glided away—and still Vaughan remained at his old quarters, and still his visits to the house of Mr. Wallace continued, gradually increasing in frequency, until it was known that scarcely a day passed without a meeting between him and Helen.

Meantime there were many other gentlemen who called to see her, and whom she received with polite courtesy; but Vaughan, it at length became whispered about, was the favored suitor. She did not deny herself to any; but he, as a general thing, was her escort wherever she went. He frequently rode out with her alone, and almost invariably accompanied her to all the balls, pic-nics, and parties in the vicinity.

This finally settled the matter in the minds of many; and it was not strange that a report should go abroad, whether true or false, that the parties were engaged to each other for the journey of life. This Vaughan himself did not contradict, except in a laughing way, which only tended the more strongly to convince the others of the truth of their conjectures.

But the persons who had made such wonderful predictions concerning the future of Helen Wallace, were soon destined to meet another surprise, which did much to shake their own faith in their foreknowledge of events; for one morning it was suddenly discovered, and rapidly spread abroad to all concerned, that James Vaughan, the still unknown and unpopular stranger, had disappeared as mysteriously as he came.

Eager and earnest were the inquiries set on foot, to know what had become of him. None could tell. The landlord of the inn, on being questioned, declared that he had settled his account in good currency, and had stated that business required his absence—beyond which he knew nothing—except that he had departed on foot, in the night, ostensibly for a neighboring town, to take a public conveyance for parts unknown. The Wallaces could give no additional information; and Helen herself laughingly declared that she was not his keeper, and knew not for a certainty that he would ever return.

Some few of the more wonder-seeking gossips undertook to raise an excitement, by stating that he had probably been secretly dealt with, and that his body might sometime or other mysteriously come to light; but even this supposition, greatly to their chagrin, was speedily destroyed, by sending parties to the town in question, where it was found that James Vaughan mortal, and not James Vaughan's ghost, had stipulated for a conveyance, and had taken bodily passage to Nacogdoches. This was all that could be gleaned, and all that could be known concerning the man who had been so much talked about; and the rest, being simply conjecture, soon died out a natural death.

Three months more passed away, and Helen Wallace was found to be just as gay and lively as ever—the only difference to note being, that she now had more suitors than before. Among these latter there was soon numbered one, supposed, like Vaughan, to be more of a favorite than the others, and who, at the time of his departure, was not known in the village. This was a young man some five-and-twenty years of age, of a light complexion, prepossessing appearance, and agreeable manners, who had recently come into the place and opened a shop for trade. In that little village he was dignified by the title of merchant, and was supposed to be well-to-do in the world, if not absolutely wealthy.

Henry Cleaveland was a very different personage from his supposed rival, and made himself popular with all classes. He, like all the rest, appeared to be smitten with the charms of the gay Helen, and this time the interested gossips declared that he ought to be the favorite suitor, and did all in their power to bring about "the consummation so devoutly to be wished," and apparently with success, for in a few months the report went abroad that he and Helen were engaged.

He had now become as attentive as his absent rival had ever been, and at length Helen herself announced that he was the chosen one, and that a certain day, sometime yet in the future, was fixed upon for the wedding. This was confirmed by her own preparations for the great event, and it was generally believed that the wedding would be a brilliant affair.

Not to dwell upon the matter, we may briefly state that the anxiously looked-for day at length arrived, and was as auspicious of a happy ending as the believers in omens could have wished. It was near the close of summer, and the morning beamed as fair and beautiful as the fair and beautiful bride herself, and the blithe birds sung as gaily among the leafy trees, as if their music had been attuned to celebrate a day of happiness for all who heard them.

A wedding in those days, and in that section, was oftentimes a more public affair than in the older and colder regions of the North. It was a merry-making day, when both young and old might congregate for festivity, hilarity and joy. The residence of Mr. Wallace was decorated for the occasion with evergreens and flowers, and his doors were thrown open to receive the visitors of the bride elect. Many servants were called into requisition, and long tables were spread under arching trees around the dwelling, and laden with substantial and fanciful viands for the enjoyment of the guests. But one of these, more beautifully and elegantly set out than either of the others, stood a little apart from the rest, and was the table of honor, or the table of the bride and her immediate friends.

As the day in question advanced toward meridian, the clergyman appeared—the bride and grooms, with their immediate attendants, took their places—and then, surrounded by a large number of interested spectators, the solemn ceremony was performed which united the happy couple for life. After this, as soon as the many and cordial gratulations were over, the bridal train led the way to the festive board, and all were soon engaged in doing honor to the hospitality of the provident host.

In the midst of these festivities, when the wines were beginning to circulate, and toasts were being drank with smiling faces, and joyousness was pervading the whole assemblage—at this time, we say, like a dark cloud crossing the bright sunlight, and casting a shade of gloom over all—there suddenly appeared upon the scene the unwelcome person of James Vaughan. Each looked at him in surprise, and then at each other, with a sort of mysterious wonder, and then all who could catch a view of the face of the happy bride, perceived that she had suddenly become deadly pale, and slightly tremulous, as if through secret fear.

There was no perceptible change, however, in the appearance of the new-comer; his features wore the same stern, cold, forbidding, sinister aspect. With a slight nod of recognition, he passed one after another of the different groups, and advanced directly to the table occupied by the bride, her relatives and attendants. Mr. Wallace arose, and received him with a sort of constrained politeness, and introduced him to such other of the company as he now beheld for the first time. He bowed to each with that same cold formality which was characteristic of the man, and then advancing to the bride, he extended his hand, and said—

"Permit me to congratulate you! You know it was always my desire to be present at your wedding!"

Her face flushed crimson; and it was observed that she trembled more than ever as she took his hand and in turn presented him to him who had now acquired the title of legal protector. A few civilities were exchanged between the different parties, and Mr. Vaughan was invited to become a guest at the board of honor. Room was made for him on the side of the table opposite the bride, and matters once more resumed their natural course; but not with the same freedom and hilarity as before—all parties seeming to act under deep restraint. If Vaughan noticed this, he appeared not to do so, but now and then exchanged a few civil words with those around him, and altogether conducted himself as one who believed himself a welcome guest.

At length, taking up a bottle of wine—which, it was subsequently remembered, he for some time held in his hand in a peculiar way, though it excited no suspicion at the time—he said, looking directly at the newly-wedded pair:

"Will you permit me to drink a toast with you?"

Receiving a quiet assent, he reached over, filled their glasses, and then his own.

"My sentiment," he continued, "is one which I know you will not refuse. Here is happiness through life, and only separation by death!"

The toast was a little singular, and the word *death* seemed *mal apropos*. Why should it have been uttered then and there? It was the last word of the sentence—was pronounced distinctly, though without emphasis—but it unpleasantly fixed the mind upon what nobody cared to think about during a wedding feast.

Attention was then drawn to all the different parties, and the wine was drank in a kind of ominous silence, the bride turning a shade paler as the ruby liquid passed her lips. Her glass, however, and that of her husband, was drained; but it was noticed that the giver of the toast only slightly wet his lips, and, making some apology for his abstemious habits, set his glass down nearly full.

For a few minutes after this, nothing unusual was perceived. Conversation in all quarters was resumed, and it was evident that, in spite of the new presence, the old feeling of conviviality was gradually being restored; when suddenly Mr. Wallace started up and called out, in a tone that sent a chill to every heart:

"Good God! what is the matter with Helen?"

The words brought the attention of all directly upon her, and more than one cry of alarm arose as the different guests sprung up in confusion.

The bride was indeed deathly pale—her eyes were closed—her beautiful features were working almost convulsively—and she was gradually sinking back in her seat and falling therefrom.

Her husband, turning to her in alarm, was in the act of reaching out his arm to save her, when he himself was suddenly seized in the same terrible manner; and both would have fallen together, had not some of the excited and now terrified spectators rushed forward and caught them.

For a few minutes a scene of the wildest confusion ensued. Young and old came hurrying up from the different tables, and crowding around in horror; and then, in a tremulous, fearful, shuddering whisper, dark words began to float through the collected crowd, and gradually swell out into one long, loud, wild, chilling, heart-piercing wail:

"*They are poisoned! poisoned! poisoned!*"

Then suddenly uprose another, a louder, and a wilder yell—the out-bursting shriek for vengeance, quick and terrible, upon the inhuman author of the dark and damnable deed.

But he was gone—James Vaughan was gone,—amid the awful excitement and confusion he had suddenly disappeared. Yet he must not escape!—the very earth would groan to hold upon her fair bosom such a monster!

"Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro," indeed! with sounds of joy all changed to shrieks of woe! and sounds of merriment to yells of vengeance! Some ran away in horror, some wrung their hands with irrepressible grief, some hurried to seek medical aid, and others flew to arm themselves and follow the damnable author of all this misery.

We need not prolong the tale of woe. Three days later a solemn funeral procession wound slowly through that mourning village, following that lovely bride and her noble husband to their last dark and narrow home. But long ere the clods of the valley fell upon their coffins—"united in life, and in death not divided"—the breeze of the forest swayed to and fro the dangling body of their inhuman murderer, whom summary vengeance had overtaken, and sent, "all unanointed and unannalled," to his awful reckoning in the eternal world!

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. J. M.—Yes, there is a rule for averaging the dates of bills for goods purchased at different times. You start with the earliest date, and find the difference in time between that and each other date, then multiply the amount of each bill by the difference between its date and that of the earliest bill; add all the products together; divide the sum of the products by the whole amount of all the bills, add the quotient to the earliest date, and the sum will be the average date of all the bills. In the example you sent us, for instance the bills ran—

June 5, $18,38
" 11, 251,00
" 17, 63,49
" 22, 91,00

Now, the difference between June 5th and June 11th is 6 days; between the 5th and 17th, 12 days; and between the 5th and 22d, 17 days. Therefore the bill dated June 11th, and amounting to $251, is to be multiplied by 6; the $63,-49 by 12, and the $91 by seventeen; so the example will stand thus:

June 5, $18,38
" 11, 251,00x6 =1506,00
" 17, 63,49x12= 761,88
" 22, 91,00x17=1547,00

423,87) 3814,88 (9
3814,83

Here we have as our quotient, which, added to 5, the date of the earliest bill, gives us 14, which is the average for the date of all the bills. In the explanation of the improved note and bill table, in "Preston's Interest Tables," you will find a very good method for averaging the dates of bills, &c., which, though not quite so brief or simple as the above, yet leads to the same result practically.

Etiquette.—In making a call with a lady, you should both ascend the steps and enter the house together; or, if the door be narrow, let the lady precede you into the hall. You should wait for the lady to signify her desire to go, and then permit her to precede you. If there be no servant to open the outside door, open it yourself, and let the lady pass out. We do not think it advisable for a student to "nerve himself up with liquor" for any occasion.

Quakerdom.—We do not think it would be in any way beneficial either to your daughters or sons to have them learn and practice billiard playing. The game affords no exercise to mind or body, and as for the "training of the muscles, the hand and the eye," that is "all in your eye." Trundling hoop, boxing, fencing, running, jumping, rowing, horse-back riding, or wood-sawing, would be better exercise for both your boys and girls, than billiard-playing.

Charles.—You could acquire a good knowledge of history by reading Rollin's Ancient History, Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, Goldsmith's History of Greece, the historical writings of Robertson, Hume, Smollet, Macaulay, Allison, Thiers, Napier, Bancroft, Prescott, Irving, and any others you should happen to hear of.

Anonymous.—As a general thing, it is advisable for a husband to be older than, or at least as old as, his wife, but some of the happiest couples have been those where the wife was older than her husband. Every such case must be settled on its especial merits and circumstances, independently of all others.

Davenport, Iowa.—Your solution of the sheep problem published in the Ledger of the 17th July is correct. We have received over a hundred correct solutions of it, and this answer must suffice for all who have worked it out and sent us the result.

S. J. W.—Each person must settle such matters for himself. We think, however, that no man of proper spirit would marry a woman who is in the habit of making fun of him to his acquaintances.

Jacques.—If you are really the thrifty young man you say you are, you incur no risk in marrying, although it would probably be wise in you to defer taking such a step for a couple of years.

Pronink.—We think that it is indiscreet for any young man to make a habit of visiting lager-bier saloons.

Sylvan.—It is dangerous to trust a man who has committed a crime.

Means Right.—Although you claim that you mean to do right, you are evidently doing wrong—or at least you are behaving in a most cruel and heartless manner. The idea of your deserting a girl "because she is sick and dying with the consumption," is to us unspeakably shocking. Even if you do not love her as you once did, you should endeavor to smooth her path to the grave by the most delicate attentions, rather than, by neglect and rude speech, to strew it with thorns.

F. R. E.—If your father was a citizen of the United States you are a citizen; but if he did not take out naturalization papers, you must go before some court and prove by two witnesses that you have resided five years in the United States, three as a minor, and two since you became of age—make the declaration of your intention to become a citizen, and declare on oath, and prove to the satisfaction of the court, that for three years next preceding it had been your *bona fide* intention to become a citizen.

Sunny-Side.—You should keep your word, no matter if the doing of it does expose you to the chance of becoming an old maid; but if your lover has not written to you for two years, you have a right to consider the engagement broken.

T. J. M.—We should not advise any one to resort to personal violence for the satisfaction of wrongs, imaginary or real. The young lady need not notice the obnoxious person; a few "cuts" from her in public will be a severer punishment for him than any number of cuts with your cowhide.

E.—You had better not accept the assistance offered you by the young man. Girls cannot be too cautious about such matters.

Beargrass says the following question has occasioned much discussion among his acquaintances, and he would like to have a quietus put on it by the Ledger; therefore we submit it to our readers, who are learned and skillful in such matters. The question is: What is the *present worth* of $1000, due thirty years hence, allowing money to be worth six per cent. per annum?

Glenzoran says he is engaged to be married, and that as his means are small, and his business dull, he shall not be in a condition to marry under two years. He has informed his betrothed of this, and told her that if she was unwilling to wait so long, he would release her from the engagement. She does not wish the engagement to be broken, nor is she satisfied to wait so long, and Glenzoran asks, "Do you not think she should wait contentedly, or put an end to the engagement?" Before answering this question, we should like to know all the facts of the case. If, at the time the engagement was made, you did not tell her that she would have to wait two years, she certainly has just grounds of complaint against you; and, in any case, it is not unnatural for her to feel some discontent at the state of things you describe. You should not be petulant with her, but should exhibit towards her the utmost gentleness and consideration.

A Constant Reader.—Your question about deserters from the U. S. Army is so indefinite we cannot understand your meaning, and therefore cannot give you an answer. This is a common fault with correspondents, and is one reason why many communications receive no attention. In the haste of writing, or through inexcusable carelessness, words vital to the sense are omitted, and thus the question has no point or meaning. This should not be. Correspondents should read over their letters carefully, and correct mistakes and supply omissions, before sending them to us.

F. F. L.—You had better pay no attention to the lady's request for a release from the engagement. If your statement is correct, she is behaving most abominably; and although, under the circumstances, you would act very foolishly in marrying her, yet you should do nothing which will prejudice your claims upon her, inasmuch as you are justly entitled to the large sum of money you have advanced for her support.

A Teacher.—We have read something about an "Association for Sending Teachers out West," but we can give you no definite information concerning it. If you can possibly raise money enough to go West on your own hook, you had better do so, and not be helped and hampered by any association. Self-reliance and independent action are the main springs of success in all trades and professions.

A Regular Subscriber.—If the parties injured you by publishing something false about you, you could of course bring an action for libel against them with a fair chance of gaining proper damages. But if, as your letter seems to imply, it was a mere hoax, or bit of fun, you would probably be ridiculed out of court. As for the young lady—leave her to time and her own heart.

Howard.—It must be a bold "speculator" who would state that Howard, the world-known philanthropist, who has long been dead, "has started a philanthropic association in Philadelphia, and called it after his own name." You should follow the general and wise rule of never sending your money to parties of whose honesty and responsibility you are not positively assured.

Nora.—No; we do not think it is an "act of presumption" for our correspondents to adopt the names of characters in our stories, for their signatures. It is just as proper to select some fictitious name, or the name of some historical character, for a signature, as to sign one's initials.

Spartacus.—If your round shoulders have not become a physiological fixture, like bow-legs, or any other defect of person, you can cure them by persistently keeping your shoulders thrown back, and by always sitting and standing in an upright position.

Isabel Hortense.—We should not think of taking such a liberty with a contributor as to "publish her real name and the street and number where she lives, in the Ledger;" therefore, little Miss Isabel Hortense, we shall have to deny your request.

J. M.—We think that a man would act very foolishly who should marry a woman who, as he positively knows, is in the habit of flirting with, kissing, and generally making free with her male acquaintances, although she is engaged to him, and knows that he is disgusted with such conduct.

G. K. H.—If your statement is correct, you would be morally justified in abandoning your old sweetheart and seeking another for your wife, but the first-named could sue you for breach of promise, and probably get damages against you.

A Young Man.—Your only safe way will be to invest your money in good first mortgages. You might better do this and take five per cent. than to invest in stocks which promise to pay twice that interest. Be sure that the mortgages are all right, before you let the money go out of your hands.

Robin Hood.—You must search the advertisements in the daily papers to find out where the "best bows and arrows are for sale." We do not wish to advertise any kind of merchandise whatever, by stating where we think the best can be obtained.

Louise.—The game of philopœna is played differently in different places, and consequently disputes are constantly arising as to the payment of the forfeit. The best way is to have a distinct understanding at the time, as to what shall occasion the forfeiture.

Leonidas.—Among good-natured young ladies you can do anything which your sense of courtesy or benevolence prompts, even if you exhibit awkwardness or an ignorance of etiquette in the doing of it.

Harry and Helen.—When the postage on a letter or package is ten cents, of course three three-cent stamps will not pay it; you must also put on a one-cent stamp.

T. J. G.—When you call on a lady friend and find another gentleman present, he should retire first, unless he be her lover, or his call be a business one.

C. A. S.—If you wish to learn the French language, employ some good teacher—a Frenchman, and study whatever books he recommends.

Junius.—Mrs. Southworth does not write for any publication whatever except the Ledger. She is now engaged in writing a new story for our columns.

Akron.—As, according to your own statement, you insulted the lady, you must make a suitable apology, before you can hope for her forgiveness.

G. H. B.—We have seen it stated that blood is sometimes used by refiners in the purification of loaf-sugar.

J. L. C.—We do not insert "marriage notices" in the Ledger.

C. C. B.—We do not get the Ledger bound for You can choose your own bookbinder.

Grasshopper.—This correspondent wants information on the subject of grasshoppers. He says that as he and his son were recently at work haying, in the town of Crown Point, Indiana, they saw a large cloud arise in a southwesterly direction, and slowly move towards them. When it came near, they perceived that it was composed of insects, which they supposed to be musquitoes. It passed them at a considerable hight, and finally settled on a wheatfield at some distance from their point of observation. Some hours afterwards, our correspondent visited the wheatfield, which belonged to him, and to his consternation discovered that a tract about four acres in breadth, and extending the entire length of the field, was totally destroyed. He then thought the "cloud" which he had seen descend upon the field was an immense swarm of grasshoppers, and regretted that he had not followed it up; and he wants our opinion on the subject. We are not learned in grasshopper-ology, but from the accounts we have read of the devastations of these diminutive insects, we are inclined to the opinion that our correspondent's wheat was devoured by them. At any rate, they are quite capable of committing such an outrage. A correspondent writing from Goliad, Texas, says that in that region the grasshoppers are almost annihilating vegetation, the pumpkin being the only vegetable which they spare. And they not only destroy vegetation, but also devour musquito nets and clothes hung out to dry. The inhabitants have tried the fumes of sulphur and the most deadly poisons upon them, without effect. They seem to relish growing cotton and wheat more than anything else, and will entirely destroy a field in a few hours. Our Texan correspondent says that the inhabitants of the "grasshopper region" are driven to despair by the ravages of this unmanageable little insect.

Infidel.—You must be a man devoid of shame to "*take pride* in the avowal of your infidelity." As one would naturally expect of such a man, your pretended historical facts are all erroneous. Jefferson was not an infidel. He was a consistent believer in Christianity. He was also a very honest and moral man. If you will take the trouble to read Randall's Life of Jefferson, you will find that all your "triumphant proofs that the great father of democracy was one of us," thereby meaning that he was an infidel, have no foundation in fact. The same is true with regard to Franklin and Hamilton. There is not a single great revolutionary name, that of Thomas Paine alone excepted, which you can justly claim for your base purposes. And Paine was hardly more than a political adventurer, without a permanent home or country, though a powerful writer on the side of the people.

A Constant Ledger Reader sends the following problem for "the boys," which he says "stumped" his schoolmaster:

Two drovers met upon their way,
  And thus one said—"'Tis true,
If half your flock you give to me,
  I'll have just eighty-two."
"Nay, friend," the other soon replied,
  "Add but a third to mine,
Of your best sheep—then I shall have
  One hundred 'twenty-nine."
His answer thus exactly true,
  No scholar will impeach,
Then by your knowledge show to me,
  How many sheep had each.

A Long Island Toll-Gate Keeper.—We do not like the tone of your letter, although we fully agree with you that the "Dutch pettifogger," if we may use your phrase, is guilty of a very small piece of business in endeavoring to sneak through your gate free, on the plea that his brother-in-law lives only a short distance up the road from Williamsburg. There are mean men engaged in every sort of business; but a mean lawyer we consider the meanest of the mean kind, as he generally *knows enough to be mean*, if he don't know anything more. Such a fellow is a disgrace to his profession, and should not be called a lawyer, unless the word "Tombs" be prefixed to the appellation. He is just fit for a Tombs lawyer, who is one of the most degraded of human beings.

Invalid.—Every man must decide for himself "what is most to be desired in this world." What would suit one would give another no satisfaction. If you think you would find peace and contentment among the Shakers, perhaps you had better try the experiment of seeking them there. You could leave the community whenever you should become tired of it. The truth probably is, that you are too selfish, or else have become too morbid through disease, to find peace and happiness anywhere. Discontent, or unhappiness, most frequently comes from one's not being willing to do his duty, and to pay a fair equivalent in labor and suffering for the blessings of life.

A Studious Boy.—You are right in supposing that education is more widely diffused among the masses now, than it was in the days of Demosthenes or Cicero, and it is for this very reason that we cannot now have such orators as they were. Oratory is a semi-barbarous art. It cannot flourish among highly-educated and enlightened *thinkers*. Among such, it is only influential on those rare occasions when the liberties of a nation are at stake, or some other great issue is raised which stirs the *passions* of men to their lowest depths.

Dixon Grumble says a person who bears a very bad reputation in the community where he lives, has repeatedly threatened him with violence, and as a crowning insult, recently sent him word that if he (our correspondent) would meet him at the post-office on a certain day and at a certain hour, he would then and there publicly pull "Dixon Grumble's" nose, and he wants to know what we would do in such a case. We should certainly avoid the post-office at the time specified.

Jenny.—You are right in considering snuff-taking a dirty habit, but your anathemas of the friends who offend you in this respect are exaggerated and unkind. We never carried a snuff-box, and have seldom taken a pinch of Macaboy, or any other brand, yet we know enough of the nose, and its tendency, like any other organ, after a long indulgence, to exact as a matter of right what was originally granted as a favor, to make great allowances for those who have become habituated to the odious practice.

Chloe.—As your lover has taken the ground that "the woman who marries him will not be allowed to *waste* her time in going to church," and that he "will never permit the Bible to be read in his house," you would be justified in breaking off your engagement with him. You need not fear his threats that he would sue you for breach of promise. His repeated declarations, such as are given above, would be certain to defeat him in any court in Christendom.

Duelist.—As we do not believe in dueling, and as we do not recognize in any way what are called the "rights of the duelist," and the "laws of the duello," we decline to give you any advice, or to express any opinion in regard to the subject you have brought to our notice. In civilized communities, where there are courts, judges, and all the means and appliances of the law, we think that dueling is wholly unnecessary.

Betsy.—In spending a few days with a family in which there are several young men, some older and some younger than yourself, you can designate them in your address by prefixing Mr. to their Christian names, as Mr. Charles, Mr. James, &c. To call them simply Charles, James, &c., would be too familiar an address.

Don Quixote.—You have chosen an appropriate signature. The girls are evidently making fun of you. That agreement of one of them to marry you when you shall be elected Governor of the Empire State, is especially "rich." We hope the wedding will meet your most sanguine expectations.

Allegan.—If the young lady persists in her refusal to have anything more to say to you, unless you will sacrifice your old and valued friend, you had better let her go. Tried and proved friendship is too valuable a thing to be lightly sacrificed.

Smitten.—You would be guilty of no impropriety in calling on the young lady, as you were introduced to her by a friend. If she should not wish to see you, it would be an easy matter for her to take the usual course on such occasions.

A. C.—If you wish to pay the postage on the young lady's replies to your letters, you can manage it by always enclosing in your letter to her a stamped envelope addressed to yourself.

Nathan.—Your idea of taking a plenty of physical exercise is a good one. Any club or society which furnishes its members with opportunities for exercise, without encouraging habits of dissipation, is worthy of your support.

L. R.—Take or send the title-page of your book to the clerk of the United States District Court for the District in which you reside, and ask him for a certificate of copy-right. The expense will be one dollar.

W. H. F.—Yes. Vessels frequently sail from this port for San Francisco. Examine the advertisements of the daily papers for time of sailing, price of passage, &c.

Wish to Know.—A letter addressed to Peter Cooper, Esq., of this city, will probably elicit whatever information you wish, with regard to the Cooper Institute.

Afflicted.—You had better let your breathing take care of itself. Any attempt to breathe only through the nostrils, or solely through the mouth, is unnatural and injurious.

Old North State.—Never mind the young lady's coldness. Act just as lovingly as ever, and she will probably soon explain the matter to your satisfaction.

Mt. Blanc.—We know nothing about the "physician" concerning whose works you inquire. Be careful of your money.

New Contributor.—We should be glad to oblige you; but we can neither engage you ourselves nor tell you where you can obtain employment.

P. B. C.—It is very disagreeable traveling during the hot months of summer. You are wise, therefore, in putting off your pleasure trip till September or October.

*** *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*